

THE LITERARY WORLD.

A Journal of American and Foreign Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 172.

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1850.

\$3 Per Annum.

EVERT A. & GEORGE L. DUYCKINCK, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION 157 BROADWAY.

Contents.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.
THE UNKNOWN MAN.
THE SACONIAN PHILOSOPHY.
SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE. Third Paper.
BAYARD TAYLOR'S CALIFORNIA.
DR. MC'SHERRY'S EL PUCHERO.
WARBURTON'S CONQUEST OF CANADA.
A NEW BOOK BY SYDNEY SMITH.
MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.
MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.
POETRY.—The Song of the Communist—The Spring—
Hide and Seek.
THOMAS DE QUINCEY.—His History—Opium Eating—Literary Achievements.
CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES. A LETTER FROM THACKERAY.
FINE ARTS.—The New York Academy of Design.—The Portraits.—The Sculpture.
THE DRAMA.—The Astor-Place Theatre, &c.
FACTS AND OPINIONS.—London and Parisian Gossip.
PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.—Literary Intelligence.

Original Papers.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, the great English poet of Man and Nature, one of the foremost in the ranks of his country's genius of all past time, died at Rydal, by the side of his beloved mountains and waters, on the twenty-third of April, St. George's day of England, and the day of that other protector and patron, the accredited birth-day, as it was also the day of the death of Shakspeare. On the very day and year on which Shakspeare departed, Cervantes too died. The date in the calendar is to be a memorable one, to be treasured and celebrated in after times with a reverence and affection of which now we can entertain but a faint idea; though we see surely that the honors of literary history will outlast and surpass all others.

Wordsworth, too, died in his beloved spring, at a season hallowed to his thoughts and recollections by association with his birth-day. On the seventh of April he had completed his eightieth year. Running through the Poet's books, and down that vista of years, we may find everywhere notes of consolation and triumph for this hour, as amidst the classic imagery and classic force of the ode to Lycoris, written in May, he chooses his own season by its great image of life and reproduction:—

Be hopeful Spring the favorite of the Soul!

or, as in that Vernal Ode which contains the beautiful and sublime picture of the bee, he strikes as it were his own dirge, and scatters flowers upon his own rural grave, while nature, in budding leaf and tree around, celebrates her ceremonial festival of Immortality:—

And though to every draught of vital breath
Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,
The melancholy gates of Death
Respond with sympathetic motion;
Though all that feeds on nether air,
How'er magnificent or fair,
Grows but to perish, and entrust
Its ruins to their kindred dust;
Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,
Her procreant vigils Nature keeps
Amid the unfathomable deeps;
And saves the peopled fields of earth
From dread of emptiness or death.
Thus, in their stations, lifting toward the sky
The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive
Sweet flowers;—what living eye hath viewed
Their myriads!—endlessly renewed,
Where'er strikes the sun's glad ray;
Where'er the subtle waters stray;

VOL. VI. NO. 20.

Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
Their course, or genial showers descend!
Mortals, rejoice! the very Angels quit
Their mansions unsuspicious of change,
Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range.

A noble literary career has been that of Wordsworth,—calm, steadfast, consistent; strong in the individual life, strong in his personal associations, strong in his influences on the world. How poor and mean now, as we stand at his grave and survey by the torch of Milton what he has done for English poetry; so many firmly-forged lines, compact of thought and eloquence, which will defy the changes of the English language; so many bright temples built by the master Architect, Imagination, where the human soul may receive nourishment and support; so many harmonies of nature unveiled; so tender a light spread over the confused sorrows and woes of life; when we recall but a tithe of what those who know his writings cannot but feel, how poor, we say, and mean appear those darkling mists begotten of ignorance, blindness, of worthless or worse motives, which naught in his own day but the fervent heat of his own genius, "a morn risen on mid noon," could dissipate and destroy! Where are the empty-headed, empty-hearted wittlings who made so cheap a reputation at the expense of the philosophic bard? Let genius hereafter take courage from their rapid retirement into nonentity.

On calmly surveying the literary questions involved in Wordsworth's history, it is noteworthy to remark how little he was diverted from the classic walks of composition by the heat and enthusiasm of youth, and a youth, too, passed as a poetical reformer. More latitude is to be allowed under such circumstances than Wordsworth demands. His Peter Bell and Idiot Boy, and simple Ballads, have now no alms, which posterity, avaricious of his genius, will give to oblivion.

As a classic poet, in that high rank of genius shared by so few, the constructor of imperishable Odes, Wordsworth stands with Milton, Dryden, and Gray. In conscientious force of diction, vitality of language, learned illustration, Attic grace, and dignity, he is alone with the author of Lycidas and the Christmas Hymn. In thorough fusion and all that is required of creative power, how transcendent is his Laodamia! The reciter would have been crowned with laurel at an Olympic festival. The poem seems carved with the chisel on the purest marble. And the Ode to Duty, not stoical but Christian, and the Lines at Tintern Abbey, written fifty-two years since, a link in the unity of feeling of all his life, and the Intimations of Immortality, and a hundred pages of the Excursion, and those fragments of lofty Odes, the Sonnets, and the informing, elevating, lyrical spirit of all his writings—they have the unerring indications of the highest literary genius.

At the time of his death Wordsworth was the greatest living author of the English language; and at this day, with intelligence so widely diffused, with educated and thoughtful men speaking that language, holding posts of influence and command in every division of the globe, with the millions between the At-

lantic and the Pacific and the chain which rounds homeward to the Poet's island, such an event cannot be unfelt. Disgraceful were it, and a sign of intellectual barrenness and utter melancholy heartlessness, should it be unfelt. But this cannot be. In the many sheets of the Press, from the consentaneous voices of poets—why not from pulpits!—from the studies of historians and the pens of faithful biographers, this life (call it not death) will be celebrated. We may imagine the elder poets, too, present to honor their latest successor, and as Shakspeare with his brethren east their verses into the grave of Spenser, so let Milton (of them all) here invoke the beloved symbols of nature in whose company the Poet's soul grew to immortality:—

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star spurely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers,
And people all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodills fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laurent hearse where Lycid lies.

THE UNKNOWN MAN.

A CONSCIOUSNESS of celebrity sends an exquisite tingling through the veins. All men, and some women, feel this delicious fever of the pulse. The thirst for fame, even of the lowest grades, is so intense in many, as to make them totally unscrupulous about its quality, or their title to it. To them a counterfeit is just as good as any, provided it will pass. If they can get the credit, no matter for the substance. Reputation is everything, desert nothing. Still worse; bad fame to them is better than none at all, and to be cursed by every lip preferable to not being mentioned at all.

But the delight of living *unknown* is not so generally admitted. Still it has some advantages. A young traveller in Europe enjoys the sweet immunity of secrecy among thronging millions. The espionage of home weighs no longer on the freedom of his heart. No eye of recognition is turned towards him. There is no one to dart the glance that checks the spontaneous wish, as it is bursting into action, or hush back into silence the half articulated word. The apprehension of the possible presence of an observer ceases; and the muscles of conformity, caution, and hypocrisy, enjoy at least a holiday, and relaxed and idle, fall asleep, for want of provocation. Such perfect isolation is delightful, but quite impracticable where the most distant suspicion lurks that our acquaintance can possibly intrude.

Having made by travel this valuable discovery, the next thing is to render the beatitude perpetual. This will, indeed, appear almost a duty, on considering the sharp thorns which a love of distinction has planted in the breast, and the terrible crops of evil they have produced to wound it. If this briary harvest could only be removed from men's paths, what a glorious thing it would be to live! We should walk then perpetually on roses. The

history of man would be cut down from its thousand volumes folio to a single one no bigger than the "Pilgrim's Progress." Much gall and sulphate of iron would be saved, and rags, decaying and dropping off as now, from paupers' backs, where they have been doing good service, would not undergo a resurrection in millions of books, where they are working mischief. Authors would then be happy in solitary contemplation on their immense geniuses, and try to be what they have fancied and described. If the race of Unknown men and women should chance to multiply to much extent, the importation of French frippery would fall off sadly, and opera-boxes become what booths are after Vanity Fair is over.

What a world of trouble does the Unknown Man escape! Nobody plagues him for his autograph, or certificates of the merits of cough candy. No impertinent fellow sends him a letter telling him that he is a scoundrel or traitor to his country, obliging him at the same time, to pay double postage for the information. The Unknown Man, secure in his panoply of nothingness, defies the cut of an impudent coxcomb of either sex, if such a creature can maintain a claim to any sex at all. Besides a material economy in hats, the multitude of fibs and maudlin compliments he shuns from not encountering a lady acquaintance, is perfectly prodigious. Never invited to public dinners, he is entirely guiltless of the silly speeches delivered there, or of farcical letters apologizing for an absence that was expected and counted on. His name is not found upon electoral and jury lists, and so he is not pestered about his vote, nor fined for not spending weeks in settling the difficulties of other people, when it has been the study of his lifetime to avoid any of his own. Quack and humbug handbills, which penetrate everywhere, like bad news and odors, fail to reach him, for his name cannot fortunately be discovered in the Directory. Nobody asks him to head a subscription for getting Emerson's Essays translated into the English tongue, nor to sign a petition for the abolition of the potatoe rot on one side of 36½°, or the social rot upon the other.

Having no reputation, he is not compelled, like authors and single ladies who are troubled with a surplus, to prosecute perpetually for slander to preserve it. He snaps his fingers at Mrs. Candor and Mrs. Charity, whose powers he thinks very highly of, but who cannot, let them do their best, by any kind of whispering, backbiting, or inuendo, make out to take away a character which one never had. There is, therefore, great comfort in being little. Such a man may cock his hat, and set the world at defiance; for the police can no more take hold of him than of a jug without a handle.

He is not obliged to buy a pew in the broad aisle of the distinguished Dr. —'s church, or go to any one on Sunday, if he does not wish to, any more than the reverend clergy do themselves, when on their periodic European travels for their health,—an article, which a thorough experience on their part has discovered to be best obtained where beauty, wealth, refinement, and the fine arts most abound. He can speak of Clay, Calhoun, and Webster without fear of party whippers-in. If he chooses he may, without loss of caste, decline to cover one of his extremities with French boots, or line the other with European affectation; and can enjoy the privilege of using the old, blunt, honest Saxon style and manners, without first running them through a Gallic

strainer. Being nobody, of course he can send an answer to a bore "that he is not at home," without a lie. Not the least of his good fortune is that of not being forced to dance with a rich dowdy, nor invited to endorse a speculator's note to the bank. No pickpocket asks him to be his bail, and the honor of suffering as surety for a political defaulter is denied him.

Invulnerable being! He passes among man-traps thickly set by the artful sex, and yet comes away unhurt; for it takes the weight of gold to spring them. How happy! He is only to write a successful tragedy, and he becomes at once the "Great Unknown," and enjoys the secret mightily. Should he happen to be hanged at last, he will pass mysteriously away, like the Man in the Iron Mask, and his relations will be for ever spared any uncomfortable sensation about the throat, whenever hemp happens to be mentioned. When he dies he will take his name along with him, of course. In this he differs from the *would-be* great and little immortals, who leave *theirs* behind to be kicked about a little while, and then sent after them.

The gentleman I have been describing received the other day the following epistle. I ought to add, that he made immediately the acquaintance of the honest writer:—

"SIR,—

"I have been your next-door neighbor for the last five years, and must do you the justice to acknowledge that I have never heard your name once mentioned, nor yourself in any way alluded to in all that time. This is, therefore, necessarily addressed to you as No. 196. I suppose that I ought to ask forgiveness for recognising your existence even now, but I promise not to do it again as long as I live, should you continue as deserving of obscurity as at present. But it was impossible wholly to withhold the credit due you for being so shining an example of a purely negative quantity, hitherto imagined, indeed, by mathematicians, but not actually exemplified before. Your position is certainly a happy one, since you can cut a figure without exciting envy, because that figure is a cypher. Your name, in consequence, has fortunately not been mixed up in the newspapers with those of pill-makers, pickpockets, great criminals, little politicians, philanthropists on a small scale, defaulters on a large one, with all the quacks, hacks, and dealers in everlasting clacks about blacks; to which may be added, by way of postscript, distinguished actors on the stage, and unpitied sufferers in pits and boxes, inventors of fancy shirts for those who can buy them, and verbose preachers of patience and endurance to those who cannot, but are obliged by poverty to make shifts for themselves.

"With sincere congratulations on your insignificance, I am, Sir, your unknown correspondent, and intend always to remain so,

"FRANK FREESPEECH."

DECTUS.

Reviews.

THE BACONIAN PHILOSOPHY.

A Discourse of the Baconian Philosophy. By Samuel Tyler, of the Maryland Bar. Second Edition, enlarged. Baker & Scribner.

This brief exposition and eulogium of the Baconian Philosophy, it seems, has reached a second edition; a proof that it has attained its end of popularizing the principles of the great inductive method. Indeed, so brilliant has

been the success of this last in the physical sciences, whereat the world almost daily utters a cry of rejoicing, that people are likely to approach it with faith and enthusiasm, when it proclaims that it is about to venture into the regions of philosophy purely speculative. This author fills many pages of his book with accounts of the great discoveries of modern times, which may be said to have had their origin in the new direction given to physical science by Bacon's method, and enlarges *usque ad nauseam* upon the modern wonders of chemistry, astronomy, &c. Indeed, of late we have had too much of this. It is a staple fund for rhetoricians; and has become so quite a schoolboy topic, that grave men lay themselves open to criticism by indulging in this easy kind of writing. Nowadays, nobody is inclined to dispute the excellence of the inductive method in physical investigations. But an error may lie in so bepraising and exalting it as to suppose that the world will open its mysteries to any one who will experiment faithfully; whereas many of the great modern discoveries have owed their origin rather to a wonderful faculty of intuition, and a rapid, almost untraceable deduction (surely an *à priori* process), which are among the gifts of genius. Some of this author's illustrations, as that of Sir Charles Bell's discovery of the two sets of nerves in the animal system, are most clearly the result of both processes, instead of the inductive one simply. While we are disposed to allow value and excellence to the author's work, we regard among its blemishes a narrow-minded exclusion of all merit from opposing systems, which are often confuted by rhetoric instead of logic, and a still more bigoted exaltation of English literature and philosophy to the disparagement of the continental.

After the glorification of these, he enters the domain of psychology, and on his Baconian steed tilts a lance at all his enemies gathered up into one. Here we find a hopeless confusion which makes criticism vain. Reid is spoken of as developing Locke, and Cousin as opposed to the inductive method in psychology, and the labors of Kant are contemptuously disparaged; whereas to Reid and Kant, in their separate spheres, is it owing that the tide of sensualism having its origin in Locke, was effectually checked both in England and on the continent; and the philosophy of the modern French school is based on an inductive method. This contempt for opposing systems leads him to disregard what other men have done. For instance, he labors to prove that mathematical definitions and axioms are derived from experience;—an assertion abundantly confuted in Cousin, as any one may see *beautifully* done in his Treatise of the Beautiful.

We question very much if Bacon, if he had lived, would have sanctioned the use of his suggestions made in metaphysical inquiries by Locke and his followers, and issuing in some of these results which this author has adopted. Most clearly is it true that in these systems there is no place for moral science strictly so called. It is frittered away into a science of the useful. And this is the reason why good and pious men of this school, who feel moral distinctions too keenly to have them swept away by any philosophic system, put such implicit and we may say blind and irrational faith in revelation, simply as an *external* revelation. Our author is an instance of this. All moral and religious knowledge he makes the fruit of primitive supernatural instruction and subsequent revelation, and asserts most plainly that "there is nothing in the reason of

man which could have taught him sin"—an assertion which sweeps away the foundation of all morality, makes religious knowledge in man impossible, saps the foundation of revelation itself, and destroys the strongest evidence for the being of God, if it does not result in Atheism or Pantheism. But practically no one believes this, for it is because his reason has taught him the nature of good and evil that he believes in a God as the author of the distinction, looks upon conscience as the will of God, and accepts the revelations of Scripture as his remedy. When this distinction of reason is denied, Dualism and Polytheism become rationally possible.

That our review may praise as well as censure, we will say that this book is very agreeable reading; the style is lively, interesting anecdotes and illustrations are introduced, and the work is useful as showing the value of the inductive method. We will quote in conclusion, from a very excellent passage, showing the frequency and the danger of confounding philosophical and rhetorical analogy.

"But the most extraordinary instance of confounding rhetorical analogy with philosophical analogy, occurs in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, and in the *De Augmentis*; and it shows how very delusive are such fanciful analogies. Bacon has absolutely based a department of philosophy upon them: or, at least, every instance which he has cited as an example of the subject-matter of this department of philosophy, is tainted with the error we are exposing. He tells us there are some principles which are not peculiar to one science, but are common to several; and the department of philosophy which embraces these principles, he calls *Philosophia Prima*. We will cite only one example: an infectious disease is more likely to be communicated while it is in progress, than when it has reached its height. This, he says, is a principle in medicine; and that it is also a principle in morals; for that the example of very abandoned men injures public morality less than the example of men whose good qualities have not all been extinguished by vice. The resemblance here is purely fanciful, too obviously so to need illustration. The most remarkable fact about this error of Bacon is, that at the very time he cited these examples of his *Prima Philosophia*, he had in his mind the distinction we are exhibiting, though he certainly could not have had a very distinct apprehension of it. For he makes this remark in regard to the examples:—'Neither are these only similitudes, as men of narrow observation may conceive them to be: but the same footsteps of nature treading or printing upon several subjects or matters.' They most undoubtedly are 'only similitudes,' and not analogies upon which inductive inferences can be based."

There are some who might be disposed to vindicate Bacon from the charge of making an improper use of these analogies, by thinking that he was looking most probably into nature, and paving a foresight of the science of "correspondence."

SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey. Parts II., III. Harper & Brothers.

[THIRD PAPER.]

We left Southey taking a willing farewell of the law, which his invariable sense of duty only had compelled him to entertain at all, on his entrance upon that vast literary career which he filled so faithfully and honorably. With the best authors of this kind Southey is entitled to the honors of the humanities, of pure literature—of life viewed in its moral aspect,

in its mixed individual and external relations, in the scope of its social and fraternal development. With the instinct of a poet and the plodding of a prose man, Southey sought out the good and the true. His labors cover many countries and many eras. His works would form a not insufficient library by themselves; his fragments would support the reputation of life-devoted scholars. See him in Portugal where many of the traits of his after studies were formed and strengthened. His observation is acute, his judgment strong and independent; a faculty of humor is always opening for him new avenues into character; his learning carries him beyond the immediate to the old and permanent historical relations of the country. In none of the old travellers whom he studied with so much fondness and commented upon so lovingly, do we find better reading than in his own Portuguese narratives. His letters from the spot, now first published, are not only extremely valuable pictures of a state of society which has passed or is passing away, but they are the most graceful studies of Southey himself—for what a man sees, that in a measure he is. We commend the study of the seventh chapter of this work to travellers who have an opportunity of recording foreign habits and manners, and who would learn the art of profitable observation and description—with a generous eye to the entertainment and instruction of their readers.

The relation of Southey to Coleridge has been a subject of frequent comment, and both parties have been injured by the one-sided expositions of the matter in Cottle's *Recollections*. Said Coleridge himself once, what a chaos, a *concordia discordantium*, is the soul of an ignorant good man! Such a one is Cottle. Southey tells the story for himself much better. We have seen in a passage already quoted (*Lit. World*, No. 160), how instinctively on a first interview Southey hit upon the peculiar merits of Coleridge—"the strongest genius, the clearest judgment, the best heart." You could not now put more of the man in the same number of words. As the relations between the parties went on, Southey had much to bear with, doubtless, from the poet's rare visionary impracticality—at least as a man of active life—for no one has ever left to the world sounder theoretical maxims to guide others wisely. His mind had a chemical faculty in the resolution of truth, whether on individual character or in social problems. But let Southey vindicate his own admiration of his friend, though the same truth which discovers his genius inevitably discloses his failures.

And first for the man himself. How characteristic of the wide reach and philosophic sagacity of Coleridge is this great *Cyclopædic* scheme:—

COLERIDGE'S BIBLIOTHECA BRITANNICA.

"MY DEAR SOUTHEY,

I write now to propose a scheme, or, rather, a rude outline of a scheme, of your grand work. What harm can a proposal do? If it be no pain to you to reject it, it will be none to me to have it rejected. I would have the work entitled *Bibliotheca Britannica*, or a *History of British Literature*, bibliographical, biographical, and critical. The two last volumes I would have to be a chronological catalogue of all noticeable or extant books; the others, be the number six or eight, to consist entirely of separate treatises, each giving a critical biblio-biographical history of some one subject. I will, with great pleasure, join you in learning Welsh and Erse; and you, I, Turner, and Owen, might dedicate ourselves for the first half year to a complete history of all Welsh, Saxon,

and Erse books that are not translations, that are the native growth of Britain. If the Spanish neutrality continues, I will go in October or November to Biscay, and throw light on the Basque.

"Let the next volume contain the history of English poetry and poets, in which I would include all prose truly poetical. The first half of the second volume should be dedicated to great single names, Chaucer and Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Taylor, Dryden and Pope; the poetry of witty logic—Swift, Fielding, Richardson, Sterne: I write *par hazard*, but I mean to say all great names as have either formed epochs in our taste, or such, at least, as are representative; and the great object to be in each instance to determine, first, the true merits and demerits of the books; secondly, what of these belong to the age—what to the author *quasi peculium*. The second half of the second volume should be a history of poetry and romances, everywhere interspersed with biography, but more flowing, more consecutive, more bibliographical, chronological, and complete. The third volume I would have dedicated to English prose, considered as to style, as to eloquence, as to general impressiveness; a history of styles and manners, their causes, their birth-places and parentage, their analysis. * * *

"These three volumes would be so generally interesting, so exceedingly entertaining, that you might bid fair for a sale of the work at large. Then let the fourth volume take up the history of metaphysics, theology, medicine, alchemy, common, canon, and Roman law, from Alfred to Henry VII.; in other words, a history of the dark ages in Great Britain. The fifth volume—carry on metaphysics and ethics to the present day in the first half; the second half, comprise the theology of all the Reformers. In the fourth volume there would be a grand article on the philosophy of the theology of the Roman Catholic religion. In this (fifth volume), under different names—Hooker, Baxter, Biddle, and Fox—the spirit of the theology of all the other parts of Christianity. The sixth and seventh volumes must comprise all the articles you can get, on all the separate arts and sciences that have been treated of in books since the Reformation; and, by this time, the book, if it answered at all, would have gained so high a reputation, that you need not fear having whom you liked to write the different articles—medicine, surgery, chemistry, &c., &c., navigation, travellers, voyagers, &c., &c. If I go into Scotland, shall I engage Walter Scott to write the history of Scottish poets? Tell me, however, what you think of the plan. It would have one prodigious advantage: whatever accident stopped the work, would only prevent the future good, not mar the past; each volume would be a great and valuable work *per se*. Then each volume would awaken a new interest, a new set of readers, who would buy the past volumes of course; then it would allow you ample time and opportunities for the slavery of the catalogue volumes, which should be, at the same time, an index to the work, which would be, in very truth, a pandect of knowledge, alive and swarming with human life, feeling, incident. By-the-by, what a strange abuse has been made of the word *encyclopædia*! It signifies, properly, grammar, logic, rhetoric, and ethics and metaphysics, which last, explaining the ultimate principles of grammar—log., rhet., and eth.—formed a circle of knowledge. * * *

To call a huge unconnected miscellany of the *omne scibile*, in an arrangement determined by the accident of initial letters, an *encyclopædia*, is the impudent ignorance of your Presbyterian book-makers. Good-night!

"God bless you!

S. T. C."

Southey's reply is calm and affecting. How much these sentences disclose:—"Your plan is too good, too gigantic, quite beyond my powers. If you had my tolerable state of health, and that love of steady and productive employment which is now grown into a necessary habit with me—if you were to execute and would execute it, it would be, beyond all doubt, the most valuable work of any age or

any country; but I cannot fill up such an outline. No man can better feel where he fails than I do; and to rely upon you for whole quartos! Dear Coleridge, the smile that comes with that thought is a very melancholy one; and if Edith saw me note, she would think my eyes were weak again, when, in truth, the humor that covers them springs from another cause."

The next year Southey writes to Rickman, the clerk of the House of Commons and friend of Lamb:—

"You are in great measure right about Coleridge; he is worse in body than you seem to believe; but the main cause lies in his own management of himself, or, rather, want of management. His mind is in a perfect St. Vitus's dance—eternal activity without action. At times he feels mortified that he should have done so little; but this feeling never produces any exertion. I will begin to-morrow, he says, and thus he has been all his life-long letting to-day slip. He has had no heavy calamities in life, and so contrives to be miserable about trifles. Poor fellow! there is no one thing which gives me so much pain as the witnessing such a waste of unequalled power. I knew one man resembling him, save that with equal genius he was actually a vicious man.

"If that man had common prudence, he must have been the first man in this country, from his natural and social advantages, and as such, we who know him and loved him at school used to anticipate him. I learned more from his conversation than any other man ever taught me, because the rain fell when the young plant was just germinating and wanted it most; and I learned more morality by his example than anything else could have taught me, for I saw him wither away. He is dead and buried at the Cape of Good Hope, and has left behind him nothing to keep his memory alive. A few individuals only remember him with a sort of horror and affection, which just serves to make them melancholy whenever they think of him or mention his name. This will not be the case with Coleridge; the *disjecta membra* will be found if he does not die early; but, having so much to do, so many errors to weed out of the world which he is capable of eradicating, if he does not die without doing his work, it would half break my heart, for no human being has had more talents allotted.

"Wordsworth will do better, and leave behind him a name unique in his way. He will rank among the very first poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakespeare. This is doing much, yet would he be a happier man if he did more."

As the student of to-day ponders those dearly treasured *disjecta membra*, he sighs with Southey over the vanity of human learning.

But the noblest tribute which Southey pays to his friend is the habitual elevation of mind, range of thought, and dignity of expression, which separate the letters to Coleridge from all others in this collection. There nature speaks unconsciously in her strong allegiance to worth and intellect.

Take this very rebuke of Coleridge—to whom else could Southey have written it? It is the echo of Coleridge himself in Southey. The former has used in a letter some over familiar expressions of "love and honor," &c., which appear to his friend indicative of a want of manliness—at least on the part of the recipient. The rebuke is deserved. Spare us from the cant of those slobbering professions—a spoiled, sickly sentimentality not unknown to certain weak, pretentious persons of this day and country, who are not Coleridges, however:—

"And now that I am writing affectionately more *meo*, I will let out a little more. You say in yours to Sara that you love and honor me. Upon my soul I believe you; but if I did not thoroughly

believe it before, your saying so is the thing of all things that would make me open my eyes and look about me to see if I were not deceived. Perhaps I am too intolerant to these kind of phrases; but, indeed, when they are true, they may be excused, and when they are not, there is no excuse for them.

"— was always looking for such things, but he was a foul feeder, and my moral stomach loathes anything like froth. There is a something outlandish in saying them, more akin to a French embrace than an English shake by the hand, and I would have you leave off saying them to those whom you actually do love, that if this should not break off the habit of applying them to indifferent persons, the disuse may at least make a difference. Your feelings go naked; I cover mine with a bear-skin: I will not say that you harden yours by your mode, but I am sure that mine are the warmer for their clothing. * * * It is possible, or probable, that I err as much as you in an opposite extreme, and may make enemies where you would make friends; but there is a danger that you may sometimes excite dislike in persons of whose approbation you would yourself be desirous. You know me well enough to know in what temper this has been written, and to know that it has been some exertion; for the same habit which makes me prefer sitting silent to offering contradiction, makes me often withhold censure when, perhaps, in strictness of moral duty, it ought to be applied. The medicine might have been sweetened, perhaps; but, dear Coleridge, take the simple bitters, and leave the sweetmeats by themselves."

With a few markings of characteristic facts and philosophies, we leave these volumes for the present, to resume them shortly again.

OLD HOUSES.

"I love old houses best, for the sake of the odd closets, and cupboards, and good thick walls that don't let the wind blow in, and little out-of-the-way polyangular rooms with great beams running across the ceiling—old heart of oak, that has outlasted half a score generations; and chimney-pieces with the date of the year carved above them, and huge fire-places that warmed the shins of Englishmen before the house of Hanover came over. The most delightful associations that ever made me feel, and think, and fall a dreaming, are excited by old buildings—not absolute ruins, but in a state of decline. Even the clipped yews interest me; and if I found one in any garden that should become mine, in the shape of a peacock, I should be as proud to keep his tail well spread as the man who first carved him. In truth, I am more disposed to connect myself by sympathy with the ages which are past, and by hope with those that are to come, than to vex and irritate myself by any lively interest about the existing generation."—*Southey to Grosvenor Bedford.*

A HINT ON HAPPINESS.

"It is the pleasure of *pursuit* that makes every man happy, whether the merchant, or the sportsman, or the collector, or the philobibl, or the *reader-o-bibl* and *maker-o-bibl* like me; pursuit at once supplies employment and hope. This is what I have often preached to you, but perhaps I never told you what benefit I myself have derived from resolute employment. When Joan of Arc was in the press, I had as many legitimate causes for unhappiness as any man need have—uncertainty for the future, and immediate want, in the literal and plain meaning of the word. I often walked the streets at dinner-time for want of a dinner, when I had not eighteen pence for the ordinary, nor bread and cheese at my lodgings. But do not suppose that I thought of my dinner when I was walking—my head was full of what I was composing. When I lay down at night I was planning my poem; and when I rose up in the morning, the poem was the first thought to which I was awake. The scanty profits of that poem, I was then anticipating in my lodging-house bills for tea, bread and butter, and those little &c.s, which amount to

a formidable sum when a man has no resources; but that poem, faulty as it is, has given me a Baxter's shove into my right place in the world."—*Ibid.*

A GLIMPSE OF HAZLITT.

"Hazlitt, whom you saw at Paris, has been here—a man of real genius. He has made a very fine picture of Coleridge for Sir George Beaumont, which is said to be in Titian's manner. He has also painted Wordsworth, but so dismally, though Wordsworth's face is his idea of physiognomical perfection, that one of his friends, on seeing it, exclaimed, 'At the gallows—deeply affected by his deserved fate—yet determined to die like a man'; and if you saw the picture, you would admire the criticism. We have a neighbor here who also knows you—Wilkinson, a clergyman, who draws, if not with much genius, with great industry and most useful fidelity. I have learned a good deal by examining his collection of etchings."—*Southey to Duppa, Keswick, 1803.*

HOW A MAN FORETELLS THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

"I know not whether I sent you some curious facts respecting vivaciousness, but I have met with enough to lead to important physiological conclusions, and, in particular, to explain the sufficiently common fact of sick persons fixing the hour of their death, and living exactly to that time; the simple solution is, that they would else have died sooner."—*Southey to Coleridge.*

PLEASURES OF A BOOKWORM.

"You would rejoice with me were you now at Keswick, at the tidings that a box of books is safely harbored in the Mersey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of Fletcher (the name of a Keswick carrier) than of Bonaparte. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo; among them, the collection of the oldest Spanish poems, in which is a metrical romance upon the Cid. I shall sometimes want you for a Gothic etymology. Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! What is that to the opening of a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the Porter opens the door up stairs, and says, Please to walk in, sir. That I shall never be paid for my labor according to the current value of time and labor, is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me £10,000 to forego that labor, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment. It will be a great delight to me in the next world to take a fly and visit these old worthies, who are my only society here, and to tell them what excellent company I found them here at the lakes of Cumberland two centuries after they had been dead and turned to dust. In plain truth, I exist more among the dead than the living, and think more about them, and, perhaps, feel more about them."—*Southey to Coleridge.*

BAYARD TAYLOR'S CALIFORNIA.

El Dorado; or, Notes in the Path of Empire.
By J. Bayard Taylor. Putnam.

MR. TAYLOR'S indefatigable correspondence to the *Tribune* of last year gained a hearing all over the world. It was read with respect and quoted with confidence; for it bore on its face the evidence of a certain ingenuous frankness—the impressions of an unprejudiced observer, with youth and poetical enthusiasm on his side, in whom a happy nature had conquered in advance all the *desagrímens* of the journey. The author of *Views-a-foot*, who had traversed Europe at a maximum expense of five hundred dollars, and who has incorporated so much of the spirit of the Far West in the California Ballads, was not the man to balk at a visit to the new possessions on the Pacific. His invincible good humor and perseverance do not fail him. He traverses the Isthmus, partakes of the hardships of the way,

explores the wilderness routes of California, sometimes alone, sometimes in company, is at the gold finding and the government making, notes the marvels on the route with an eye for the picturesque, and returns home, with a Mexican adventure or two *en route*, to give his countrymen the most agreeable and readable narrative they have yet had of the prodigies he has left behind him. His volumes before us contain the most authentic, sparkling, and best printed information and adventure yet published upon that "household word," California.

Here is something for the gourmand, tinctured with the gold fever, to read before engaging passage:—

"Coffee was served in the cabin; but as many of the passengers imagined that, because they had paid a high price for their tickets they were conscientiously obligated to drink three cups, the late-comers got a very scanty allowance. The breakfast hour was nine, and the table was obliged to be fully set twice. At the first tingle of the bell, all hands started as if a shot had exploded among them; conversation was broken off in the middle of a word; the deck was instantly cleared, and the passengers, tumbling pell-mell down the cabin stairs, found every seat taken by others who had probably been sitting in them for half an hour. The bell, however, had an equally convulsive effect upon these. There was a confused grabbing motion for a few seconds, and lo! the plates were cleared. A chicken parted in twain as if by magic, each half leaping into an opposite plate; a dish of sweet potatoes vanished before a single hand; beefsteak flew in all directions; and while about half the passengers had all their breakfast piled at once upon their plates, the other half were regaled by a 'plentiful lack.'"

Here we have a third dethronement of Napoleon:—

"There was on board a man of rather grave demeanor, who, from the circumstance of having his felt hat cocked up like a general's, wearing it square across his brows, and standing for long whiles with his arms folded, in a meditative attitude, had been generally nicknamed 'Napoleon.' There was no feature of his face like the great Corsican's, but from the tenacity with which he took his stand on the mizen-yard, and folded his arms every evening, the passengers supposed he really imagined a strong resemblance. One of those days, in a spirit of mischief, they bought a felt hat, gave it the same cocked shape, and bribed one of the negro cooks to wear it and take off Napoleon. Accordingly, as the latter began ascending the shrouds to his favorite post, the cook went up the opposite side. Napoleon sat down on the yard, braced himself against the mast and folded his arms; the cook, slyly watching his motions, imitated them with a gravity which was irresistible. All the passengers were by this time gathered on the quarter-deck, shouting with laughter: it was singular how much merriment so boyish a trick could occasion. Napoleon bore it for a time with perfect stolidity, gazing on the sunset with unchanged solemnity of visage. At last, getting tired of the affair, he looked down on the crowd and said: 'you have sent me a very fit representative of yourselves.' The laugh was stopped suddenly, and from that time forth Napoleon was not disturbed in his musings."

Here is a reminder of Mother Goose's rhyme, touching the wise men of Gotham who went to sea in a bowl; and will serve to show posterity how hard the gold diggers worked for their riches:—

"The emigrants we took on board at San Diego were objects of general interest. The stories of their adventures by the way sounded more marvellous than anything I had heard or read since my boyish acquaintance with Robinson Crusoe, Captain Cook, and John Ledyard. Taking them as the average experience of the thirty

thousand emigrants who last year crossed the Plains, this California Crusade will more than equal the great military expeditions of the Middle Ages in magnitude, peril, and adventure. The amount of suffering which must have been endured in the savage mountain passes and herbless deserts of the interior, cannot be told in words. Some had come by way of Santa Fé, and along the savage hills of the Gila; some, starting from Red River, had crossed the Great Stake Desert and taken the road from Paso del Norte to Tucson in Sonora; some had passed through Mexico, and after spending one hundred and four days at sea, run into San Diego and given up their vessel; some had landed, weary with a seven months' passage around Cape Horn; and some, finally, had reached the place on foot, after walking the whole length of the Californian Peninsula."

Following is a fine sketch of Colonel Fremont, who is happily termed "the Columbus of our central wildernesses."

The philosopher whose cogitations were broken so apple-pops (as Mrs. Partington might say), when wishing pumpkins grew upon trees, is brought to mind by the following caution against sleeping under trees; showing also that there are "slippery oaks" as well as "slippery elms" in California:—

"There is one peculiarity about the Californian oaks, which I do not remember to have seen noticed. In the dry heat of the long summer seasons, their fibre becomes brittle, and frequently at noon-day, when not a breath of air is stirring, one of their stout arms parts from the trunk without the slightest warning sound, and drops bodily to the earth. More than one instance is related, in which persons have been killed by their fall. For this reason the native Californians generally camp outside of the range of the limbs."

We have heard of fortification against rats by divers travellers, but never until now of being in siege from the fleas.

"After many trials, I finally nonplussed them (the fleas) in spite of all their cunning. There is a thick, green shrub in the forest, whose powerful balsamic odor is too much for them. After sweeping the floor and sprinkling it with water, I put down my bed, previously well shaken, and surrounded it with a chevaux-de-frise of this shrub, wide enough to prevent their overleaping it. Thus moated and palisaded from the foe, I took my rest unbroken, to his utter discomfiture."

The California Convention is dashed off in some very piquant paragraphs.

"The Chair occasionally made a bungling decision, whereupon two of the members, who had previously served in State Assemblies, would aver that in the whole course of their legislative experience they had never heard of such a thing. Now and then a scene occurred, which was amusing enough. A section being before the Convention, declaring that every citizen arrested for a criminal offence should be tried by a jury of his peers, a member, unfamiliar with such technical terms, moved to strike out the word 'peers.' 'I don't like that word 'peers,' said he; 'it a'int republican; I'd like to know what we want with *peers* in this country—we're not a monarchy, and we've got no House of Parliament. I vote for no such law.'"

Upon the question of slavery Mr. Taylor adds his experience to the geographical theories on the subject of Messrs. Clay and Webster.

"As to the question of Slavery, it will never occasion much trouble. The whole Central Region, extending to the Sierra Madre of New Mexico, will never sustain a slave population. The greater part of it resembles in climate and general features the mountain steppes of Tartary, and is better adapted for grazing than agriculture. It will never be settled so long as an acre of the rich loam of Oregon or the warm wheat-plains of California is left untenanted."

Into what insignificance Rockaway and Shrewsbury shrink after reading the following:—

"No one can be in Monterey a single night, without being startled and awed by the deep, solemn crashes of the surf as it breaks along the shore. There is no continuous roar of the plunging waves, as we hear on the Atlantic seaboard; the slow, regular swells—quiet pulsations of the great Pacific's heart—roll inward in unbroken lines, and fall with single grand crashes, with intervals of dead silence between. They may be heard through the day, if one listens, like a solemn undertone to all the shallow noises of the town; but at midnight, when all else is still, those successive shocks fall upon the ear with a sensation of inexpressible solemnity. All the air, from the pine forests to the sea, is filled with a light tremor, and the intermitting beats of sound are strong enough to jar a delicate ear. Their constant repetition at last produces a feeling something like terror. A spirit worn and weakened by some seething sorrow could scarcely bear the reverberation."

"When there has been a gale outside, and a morning of dazzling clearness succeeds a night of fog and cold wind, the swells are loudest and most magnificent. Then their lines of foam are flung upwards like a snowy fringe along the dark-blue hem of the sea, and a light, glittering mist constantly rises from the hollow curve of the shore. One quiet Sunday afternoon, when the uproar was such as to be almost felt in the solid earth, I walked out along the sand till I had passed the anchorage, and could look on the open Pacific. The surface of the bay was comparatively calm; but within a few hundred yards of the shore it upheaved with a slow, majestic movement, forming a single line more than a mile in length, which, as it advanced, presented a perpendicular front of clear green water, twelve feet in height. There was a gradual curving-in of this emerald wall—a moment's waver—and the whole mass fell forward with a thundering crash, hurling the shattered spray thirty feet into the air. A second rebound followed; and the boiling, seething waters raced far up the sand with a sharp, trampling, metallic sound, like the jangling of a thousand bars of iron. I sat down on a pine log, above the highest wave-mark, and watched this sublime phenomenon for a long time. The sand-hills behind me confined and redoubled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once, a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two uniting, made one wave, which shot far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knee. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: 'He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary.'"

The Californians have been for some months without mails; the new Postmaster and his assistants have arrived, followed by *forty-five thousand letters*; and Mr. Taylor sketches incidents touching their delivery which are capitally told.

"A day or two after my arrival, the Steamer Unicorn came into the harbor, being the third which had arrived without bringing a mail. These repeated failures were too much for even a patient people to bear; an indignation meeting in Portsmouth Square was called, but a shower, heralding the rainy season, came on in time to prevent it. Finally, on the last day of October, on the eve of the departure of another steamer down the coast, the Panama came in, bringing the mails for July, August, and September all at once! Thirty-seven mail-bags were hauled up to the little Post-Office that night, and the eight clerks were astounded by the receipt of forty-five thousand letters, besides uncounted bushels of newspapers. I was at the time domiciled in Mr. Moore's garret and enjoying the hospitalities of his plank-table; I therefore

offered my services as clerk-extraordinary, and was at once vested with full powers and initiated into all the mysteries of counting, classifying, and distributing letters.

"The Post-Office was a small frame building, of one story, and not more than forty feet in length. The entire front, which was graced with a narrow portico, was appropriated to the windows for delivery, while the rear was divided into three small compartments—a newspaper room, a private office, and kitchen. There were two windows for the general delivery, one for French and Spanish letters, and a narrow entry at one end of the building, on which faced the private boxes, to the number of five hundred, leased to merchants and others at the rate of \$1.50 per month. In this small space all the operations of the Office were carried on. The rent of the building was \$7,000 a year, and the salaries of the clerks from \$100 to \$300 monthly, which, as no special provision had been made by Government to meet the expense, effectually confined Mr. Moore to these narrow limits. For his strict and conscientious adherence to the law, he received the violent censure of a party of the San Franciscans, who would have had him make free use of the Government funds.

"The Panama's mail-bags reached the Office about nine o'clock. The doors were instantly closed, the windows darkened, and every preparation made for a long siege. The attack from without commenced about the same time. There were knocks on the doors, taps on the windows, and beseeching calls at all corners of the house. The interior was well lighted; the bags were emptied on the floor, and ten pairs of hands engaged in the assortment and distribution of their contents. The work went on rapidly and noiselessly as the night passed away, but with the first streak of daylight the attack commenced again. Every avenue of entrance was barricaded; the crowd was told through the keyhole that the Office would be opened that day to no one: but it all availed nothing. Mr. Moore's Irish servant could not go for a bucket of water without being surrounded and in danger of being held captive. Men dogged his heels in the hope of being able to slip in behind him before he could lock the door.

"We labored steadily all day, and had the satisfaction of seeing the huge pile of letters considerably diminished. Towards evening the impatience of the crowd increased to a most annoying pitch. They knocked; they tried shouts and then whispers and then shouts again; they implored and threatened by turns; and not seldom offered large bribes for the delivery of their letters. 'Curse such a Post-Office and such a Post-Master!' said one; 'I'll write to the Department by the next steamer. We'll see whether things go on in this way much longer.' Then comes a messenger slyly to the back-door; 'Mr. — sends his compliments, and says you would oblige him very much by letting me have his letters; he won't say anything about it to anybody.' A clergyman, or perhaps a naval officer, follows, relying on a white cravat or gilt buttons for the favor which no one else can obtain. Mr. Moore politely but firmly refuses; and so we work on, unmoved by the noises of the besiegers. The excitement and anxiety of the public can scarcely be told in words. Where the source that governs business, satisfies affection, and supplies intelligence, had been shut off from a whole community for three months, the rush from all sides to supply the void was irresistible.

"In the afternoon, a partial delivery was made to the owners of private boxes. It was effected in a skilful way, though with some danger to the clerk who undertook the opening of the door. On account of the crush and destruction of windows on former occasions, he ordered them to form into line and enter in regular order. They at first refused, but on his counter-refusal to unlock the door, complied with some difficulty. The moment the key was turned, the rush into the little entry was terrific; the glass faces of the boxes were stove in, and the wooden partition seemed about to give way. In the space of an hour the clerk took in postage to the amount of \$600; the

principal firms frequently paid from \$50 to \$100 for their correspondence.

"We toiled on till after midnight of the second night, when the work was so far advanced that we could spare an hour or two for rest, and still complete the distribution in time for the opening of the windows, at noon the next day. So we crept up to our blankets in the garret, worn out by forty-four hours of steady labor. We had scarcely begun to taste the needful rest, when our sleep, deep as it was, was broken by a new sound. Some of the besiegers, learning that the windows were to be opened at noon, came on the ground in the middle of the night, in order to have the first chance for letters. As the nights were fresh and cool, they soon felt chilly, and began a stamping march along the portico, which jarred the whole building and kept us all painfully awake. This game was practised for a week after the distribution commenced, and was a greater hardship to those employed in the Office than their daily labors. One morning, about a week after this, a single individual came about midnight, bringing a chair with him, and some refreshments. He planted himself directly opposite the door, and sat there quietly all night. It was the day for dispatching the Monterey mail, and one of the clerks got up about four o'clock to have it in readiness for the carrier. On opening the door in the darkness, he was confronted by this man, who, seated solemnly in his chair, immediately gave his name in a loud voice: 'John Jenkins!'

"When, finally, the windows were opened, the scenes around the office were still more remarkable. In order to prevent a general riot among the applicants, they were recommended to form in ranks. This plan once established, those inside could work with more speed and safety. The lines extended in front all the way down the hill into Portsmouth Square, and on the south side across Sacramento street to the tents among the chapparal; while that from the newspaper window in the rear stretched for some distance up the hill. The man at the tail of the longest line might count on spending six hours in it before he reached the window. Those who were near the goal frequently sold out their places to impatient candidates, for ten, and even twenty-five dollars; indeed, several persons, in want of money, practised this game daily, as a means of living! Vendors of pies, cakes, and newspapers established themselves in front of the office, to supply the crowd, while others did a profitable business by carrying cans of coffee up and down the lines.

"The labors of the Post Office were greatly increased by the necessity of forwarding thousands of letters to the branch offices or to agents among the mountains, according to the orders of the miners. This part of the business, which was entirely without remuneration, furnished constant employment for three or four clerks. Several persons made large sums by acting as agents, supplying the miners with their letters, at \$1 each, which included the postage from the Atlantic side. The arrangements for the transportation of the inland mail were very imperfect, and these private establishments were generally preferred."

Mr. Taylor makes a present of a new Leatherstocking character to Mr. Cooper.

"There was one character on the river, whom I had met on my first visit in August and still found there on my return. He possessed sufficient individuality of appearance and habits to have made him a hero of fiction; Cooper would have delighted to have stumbled upon him. His real name I never learned, but he was known to all the miners by the cognomen of 'Buckshot'—an appellation which seemed to suit his hard, squab figure very well. He might have been forty years of age or perhaps fifty; his face was but slightly wrinkled, and he wore a heavy black beard which grew nearly to his eyes and entirely concealed his mouth. When he removed his worn and dusty felt hat, which was but seldom, his large, square forehead, bald crown, and serious grey eyes gave him an appearance of reflective intellect;—a pro-

mise hardly verified by his conversation. He was of a stout and sturdy frame, and always wore clothes of a coarse texture, with a flannel shirt and belt containing a knife. I guessed from a slight peculiarity of his accent that he was a German by birth, though I believe he was not considered so by the miners.

"The habits of 'Buckshot' were still more eccentric than his appearance. He lived entirely alone, in a small tent, and seemed rather to shun than court the society of others. His tastes were exceedingly luxurious; he always had the best of everything in the market, regardless of its cost. The finest hams, at a dollar and a half the pound; preserved oysters, corn and peas, at six dollars a canister; onions and potatoes, whenever such articles made their appearance; Chinese sweetmeats and dried fruits, were all on his table, and his dinner was regularly moistened by a bottle of champagne. He did his own cooking, an operation which cost little trouble, on account of the scarcity of fresh provisions. When particularly lucky in digging, he would take his ease for a day or two, until the dust was exhausted, when he would again shoulder his pick and crowbar, and commence burrowing in some lonely corner of the rich gulch. He had been in the country since the first discovery of the placers, and was reported to have dug, in all, between thirty and forty thousand dollars,—all of which he had spent for his subsistence. I heard him once say that he never dug less than an ounce in one day, and sometimes as much as two pounds. The rough life of the mountains seemed entirely congenial to his tastes, and he could not have been induced to change it for any other, though less laborious and equally epicurean."

No one but a poet, a humorist, and used-to-the-business traveller, could be robbed in the manner in which Mr. Taylor is, and reciprocate so coolly. We would like the reader to place this account by the side of Mr. Sliedell McKenzie's narration of his own robbery in Spain, as set forth in his travels, to show that difference may sometimes exist between "naval" pluck and civilian pluck; between the stoicism of a poet and that of an old salt.

"It was about ten in the forenoon when I left Amatitlan. The road entered on a lonely range of hills, the pedestal of an abrupt spur standing out from the side of the volcano. The soil was covered with stunted shrubs and a growth of long yellow grass. I could see the way for half a league before and behind; there was no one in sight—not even a boy-arriero, with his two or three donkeys. I rode leisurely along, looking down into a deep ravine on my right and thinking to myself; 'that is an excellent place for robbers to lie in wait; I think I had better load my pistol'—which I had fired off just before reaching Tequila. Scarcely had this thought passed through my mind, when a little bush beside the road seemed to rise up; I turned suddenly, and, in a breath, the two barrels of a musket were before me, so near and surely aimed, that I could almost see the bullets at the bottom. The weapon was held by a ferocious-looking native, dressed in a pink calico shirt and white pantaloons; on the other side of me stood a second, covering me with another double-barrelled musket, and a little in the rear appeared a third. I had walked, like an unsuspecting mouse, into the very teeth of the trap laid for me.

"'Down with your pistols,' cried the first, in a hurried whisper. So silently and suddenly had all this taken place, that I sat still a moment, hardly realizing my situation. 'Down with your pistols and dismount!' was repeated, and this time the barrels came a little nearer my breast. Thus solicited, I threw down my single pistol—the more readily because it was harmless—and go off my horse. Having secured the pistol, the robbers went to the rear, never for a moment losing their aim. They then ordered me to lead my horse off the road, by a direction which they pointed out. We went down the side of the ra-

vine for about a quarter of a mile to a patch of bushes and tall grass, out of view from the road, where they halted, one of them returning, apparently to keep watch. The others, deliberately levelling their pieces at me, commanded me to lie down on my face—*la boca à tierra!* I cannot say that I felt alarmed; it had always been a part of my belief that the shadow of Death falls before him—that the man doomed to die by violence feels the chill before the blow has been struck. As I never felt more positively alive than at that moment, I judged my time had not yet come. I pulled off my coat and vest, at their command, and threw them on the grass, saying: "Take what you want, but don't detain me long." The fellow in a pink calico shirt, who appeared to have some authority over the other two, picked up my coat, and one after the other, turned all the pockets inside out. I felt a secret satisfaction at his blank look when he opened my purse and poured the few dollars it contained into a pouch he carried in his belt. "How is it," said he, "that you have no more money?" "I don't own much," I answered, "but there is quite enough for you." I had, in fact, barely sufficient in coin for a ride to Mexico, the most of my funds having been invested in a draft on that city. I believe I did not lose more than twenty-five dollars by this attack. "At least," I said to the robbers, "you'll not take the papers—among which was my draft." "No," he replied, *'no me valen nada.'* (They are worth nothing to me.)

"Having searched my coat, he took a hunting-knife which I carried (belonging, however, to Lieut. Beale), examined the blade and point, placed his piece against a bush behind him and came up to me, saying, as he held the knife above my head: "Now put your hands behind you, and don't move, or I shall strike." The other then laid down his musket, and advanced to bind me. They were evidently adepts in the art; all their movements were so carefully timed, that any resistance would have been against dangerous odds. I did not consider my loss sufficient to justify any desperate risk, and did as they commanded. With the end of my horse's lariat, they bound my wrists firmly together, and having me thus secure, sat down to finish their inspection more leisurely. My feelings during this proceeding were oddly heterogeneous—at one moment burning with rage and shame at having neglected the proper means of defence, and the next, ready to burst into a laugh at the decided novelty of my situation. My blanket having been spread on the grass, everything was emptied into it. The robbers had an eye for the curious and incomprehensible, as well as the useful. They spared all my letters, books, and papers, but took my thermometer, compass, and card-case, together with a number of drawing-pencils, some soap (a thing the Mexicans never use), and what few little articles of the toilet I carried with me. A bag hanging at my saddle-bow, containing ammunition, went at once, as well as a number of oranges and cigars in my pockets, the robbers leaving me one of the latter, as a sort of consolation for my loss.

"Between Mazatlan and Tepic, I had carried a doubloon in the hollow of each foot, covered by the stocking. It was well they had been spent for *priete*, for they would else have certainly been discovered. The villains unbuckled my spurs, jerked off my boots, and examined the bottoms of my pantaloons, ungirted the saddle and shook out the blankets, scratched the heavy guard of the bit to see whether it was silver, and then, apparently satisfied that they had made the most of me, tied everything together in a corner of my best blanket. "Now," said the leader, when this was done, "shall we take your horse?" This question was of course a mockery; but I thought I would try an experiment, and so answered in a very decided tone; "No; you shall not. I must have him; I am going to Guadalajara, and I cannot get there without him. Besides, he would not answer at all for your business." He made no reply, but took up his piece, which I noticed was a splendid article, and in perfect order, walked a

short distance towards the road, and made a signal to the third robber. Suddenly he came back, saying: "Perhaps you may get hungry before night—here is something to eat;" and with that he placed one of my oranges and half a dozen tortillas on the grass beside me. "Mil gracias," said I, "but how am I to eat without hands?" The other then coming up, he said, as they all three turned to leave me; "Now we are going; we have more to carry than we had before we met you; adios!" This was insulting; but there are instances under which an insult must be swallowed.

"I waited till no more of them could be seen, and then turned to my horse, who stood quietly at the other end of the lariat; "Now, *prieto*," I asked, "how are we to get out of this scrape?" He said nothing, but I fancied I could detect an inclination to laugh in the twitching of his nether lip. However, I went to work at extricating myself—a difficult matter, as the rope was tied in several knots. After tugging a long time, I made a twist which the India-rubber man might have envied, and to the great danger of my spine, succeeded in forcing my body through my arms. Then, loosening the knot with my teeth, in half an hour I was free again. As I rode off, I saw the three robbers at some distance, on the other side of the ravine.

"It is astonishing how light one feels after being robbed. A sensation of complete independence came over me; my horse, even, seemed to move more briskly, after being relieved of my blankets. I tried to comfort myself with the thought that this was a genuine adventure, worth one experience—that, perhaps, it was better to lose a few dollars than have even a robber's blood on my head; but it would not do. The sense of the outrage and indignity was strongest, and my single desire was the unchristian one of revenge. It is easy to philosophize on imaginary premises, but actual experience is the best test of human nature. Once, it had been difficult for me to imagine the feeling that would prompt a man to take the life of another; now, it was clear enough. In spite of the threats of the robbers, I looked in their faces sufficiently to know them again, in whatever part of the world I might meet them. I recognised the leader—a thick-set, athletic man, with a short, black beard—as one of the persons I had seen lounging about the *tienda*, in Amatitlan, which explained the artifice that led me to display more money than was prudent. It was evidently a pre-conceived plan to plunder me at all hazards, since, coming from the Pacific, I might be supposed to carry a booty worth fighting for."

THE MEXICAN WAR.

El Puchero; or, a Mixed Dish from Mexico: being Sketches of Military Life in Field and Camp, and of the Country, Manners, Ways, etc., of the People. By Richard McSherry, M.D., U.S.N., late Acting Surgeon of Regiment of Marines. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Few readers of "Punch" will forget his very graphic sketch of our campaign in Mexico, wherein half the army were represented as seated on the ground, or on camp-stools, or on drum-heads, busily engaged in writing letters home. This military *cacoethes scribendi* was curiously kept up during the war. Not a village newspaper but had its "own correspondent" in the ranks or in the file, who kept his hot shot for the enemy in one compartment, and his hot shot for the home-market in another. If you want to have a faint idea of the "writing" performed in this way, visit the library of the New York Historical Society, and the librarian shall show you a series of volumes of "Cuttings on the Mexican War," which will cause you speedily to don your beaver and depart, lest you be called to a reading.

The war ended; and a few thinkers and

observers kept in portfolios their impressions to do "volume" service. Many of their labors have been heretofore chronicled in our pages; and perhaps many have not yet received publisher's cognisance. The "great unpublished" must be in haste, however, before Picayune Newspaper Mr. Kendall returns from Paris with the plates for his work on the Mexican war; for, if his collected efforts at all equal in interest and fidelity of sketch his New Orleans letters during the campaign, future writers on the same subject will need the vein of a Melville or Ik Marvel to fill a contemporary niche with Mr. Kendall.

Dr. McSherry's mixed dish (a sort of literary omelette soufflé with sherry sauce) will bear comparison with any published volume upon his topics. He "says his say" in a quiet but interesting way, epistolary-wise. Wherever he goes you are sure to take the same pot-luck with him, and feel you are a welcome companion. And he writes as if he forgot there existed any impressions but his own; consequently he scribbles naturally, graphically, and goes over the whole ground to your entire satisfaction.

We will "spoon out" a little from his "mixed dish," by the way of sample.

Here is a "cutlet" cooked in "San Martin" of an August day, and spiced with some humor:—

"The main body of the army, under the immediate command of its illustrious chief, has passed the summer in Puebla, and this proverbially quiet and provincial town has been converted into another Babel. The rich and sonorous tones of Old Castile, so appropriate amidst the venerable temples and antiquated mansions of a city whose foundations are almost coeval with the discovery of the continent, are blended with, or I may say overwhelmed by, the 'divers tongues' of the half of Europe; English, Dutch, French, and the well-known *brogue* of the gallant son of the Green Isle—who is sure to be found wherever there is lovemaking or fighting—all rise at once in confused sounds that almost disguise the pure vernacular of Yankeeedom. Don't suppose for a moment, though, that Jonathan himself is thrown in the shade; by no means. Behold a stately building, that looks like a Neapolitan palace; you can get admission there—for a bit of painted board makes it the 'New York Eating House'; the noble pile opposite is the 'Soldiers' Home'; and dozens of other stately edifices are reduced, pro tempore, into homely restaurants. Enter any of these, and you will find your fellow-citizens, in and out of uniform, discussing politics and the war, just as they do in any bar-room in the States, from Maine to Texas, with only a little less zest than they clear the platters before them."

Here is some clear jelly of description from Buena Vista (not the "bloody ground" where Wool and Taylor met Santa Anna), between Vera Cruz and Mexico: Buena Vista, the reader may be told, is, in orthography, the *Belle Vue* of the French, and as universal in Mexican geographical nomenclature as "Washington" or "Fayetteville" is in our own country:—

"During the descent of the mountain, the army enjoyed the sight of scenery of surpassing magnificence; the lovely valley or basin of Mexico lay spread out like a panorama of fairy land, opening, closing, and shifting, according to the changing positions of the observers. At times, nothing would be visible but dark recesses in the mountain, or the grim forest that shaded the road, when in a moment, a sudden turn would unfold, as if by magic, a scene that looked too lovely to be real. It was an enchantment in nature; for knowing, as we did, that we beheld *bonâ fide* lakes and mountains, plains and villages, chapels and hamlets, all

so bright, so clear, and so beautiful, it still appeared an illusion of the senses, a dream, or a perfection of art; nay, in the mountain circle, we could see the very picture frame."

Here is a sly joke at a comrade, disguised as a bon-bon, and containing some information which may be of service to dumb Papists:—

"An American officer, professing the ancient faith, asked me to inquire whether he could be shriven, he speaking not a word of Spanish, and the padres as little English. After some consultation, an affirmative answer was given; he confessed, and I afterwards was curious to know the *modus*. He informed me he was assisted by an invisible interpreter, who read slowly through the tables of sins, as infractions of the commandments, &c., each and every one separately, first in English, then in Spanish; the penitent held the confessor's hand, unseen by the interpreter, which he pressed whenever he wished to admit a particular dereliction. By this complex process he relieved his oppressed conscience, and, I suppose, was absolved."

Here is some beggar's pudding—a dish in favor at boarding schools, the plum duff of sailor-inclined schoolboys. We do our author the justice to add, 'tis the best we have met with:—

"There are a great many blind beggars in this city of Mexico, and deformed ones too, high authority to the contrary notwithstanding. We hear frequently of artificial deformity, induced, permanently or temporarily, by the beggars themselves; and terrible stories of mothers destroying the eyes of their children to insure their claims on public sympathy. Putting out their eyes is merely furnishing the youngsters with a sufficient amount of capital to drive a successful business in their future career."

"As I write, I have to stop my ears to shut out the stentorian bawling of a lusty beggar, who, planted across the way opposite my window, has kept up a ceaseless fire on the passers-by the entire morning; he invokes alms in the name of *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, *por el nombre santísimo de Jesus*, and of all the saints in the calendar; and though his words are pious and respectful, his manner indicates that he has the will to take vengeance, *vi et armis*, on all who neglect to drop their mite into his ever-extended palm."

This last fellow reminds us of the Beggar described by Lover, in one of his Irish Evenings:—"May the blessing of Heaven follow yer," cries the beggar Pat, from his barrel on the corner, to a coming pedestrian. "May the blessing of Heaven follow yer," he repeats, as the comer almost reaches him. "May the blessing of Heaven follow yer (the pedestrian is going by without noticing him), and never overtake you."

Here is some sauce for the Bostonian historian:—

"For some time back my attention had been captivated by large street bills, announcing for sale, '*Historia de la Conquista de Mejico*, por Don Guillermo Prescott,' which I had determined to read; and I was much pleased upon learning that Don R— had a copy in his possession, translated by his personal friend, Don Lucas Alaman."

"This *Señor Prescott's* work is one of intense interest, read in any country; you may suppose how much it is enhanced here, where one may look out from his windows upon hills and valleys immortalized by the scenes our gifted countryman describes so vividly. I this day read his thrilling account of the *noche triste*, when Cortes and his adventurous little band made their retreat to Tacuba (which I visited a few days ago). * * * * Comparing my own observations with Mr. Prescott's descriptions, I cannot but be astonished at the accuracy of the latter, the more wonderful

when we remember they are from the pen of a student, who, thousands of miles distant from the scenes he paints so truly, cannot even enjoy the sight of those around him. His is a striking instance of genius prevailing over misfortune. Intelligent Mexicans hold his name in sincere and hearty veneration."

Here is a bone for our Fourierite friends, showing that their papers escape Mexican mail robbery, and are read:—

"The Mexican commonalty think our ideas of marriage as loose as their own. A sprightly dame of the middle class asked me if it was not the custom in the United States for couples to marry for a term of years, according to special agreement. I told her no, that people were married for life, like the respectable classes of her own country. She contradicted me promptly, saying that an English resident, who had passed some time in the United States, had made her acquainted with our customs, and that she knew that temporary marriages were among them. I said, rather roughly, that the Englishman had been imposing on her; that, in short, he was a gross liar. 'Oh! don't be angry,' she said, 'I know it is a custom of your country, but I did not think of finding fault with you for it; I am sure the blame is not yours.' I laughed at her misconception, but she looked upon it as an admission, and added I might as well have admitted the truth from the first, as she had American as well as English authority for her information. I could only suppose that some unworthy countryman of ours had been himself in pursuit of a better half in a connexion, tied by a slip-knot, that should only last 'during the war.'"

A nut for our legal reformers to crack, and showing the necessity of their forthwith taking the evening train for Mexico:—

"An individual would avert his face from robbery or murder rather than give information, for the following reasons, which I give literally, as has been stated to me. A disinterested person sees an assassin, or assassins, fall upon a wayfarer, murder, and rob him. He gives information, when the accused parties, if caught, are committed for trial. This comes on, the informant is dragged before court after court, badgered by the lawyers, frowned at by scowling faces, friends of the accused, and when he has given evidence and truth to the best of his ability, some flaw in the indictment, or negligence, or bribery, saves from the *garrote* the accused, who, perhaps, after a trifling imprisonment, are turned loose again upon society to pursue their evil courses. The informant is probably the first victim."

A dinner pill (by way of conclusion) for our Anti-Rent friends, showing that their doctrine is not without imitators in Mexico:—

"By a singular perversion of law, it is almost impossible for a landlord to eject a bad tenant from his premises, provided the tenant have a quantum of influence. One case has come to my knowledge, where a judge of the Supreme Court occupies a fine house for which he has paid no rent for years, yet he holds possession in spite of the owner. In another case a landed proprietor let his hacienda, which, under an *administrador*, or overseer, brought him an annual income of fourteen thousand dollars. The tenant now in possession has influence enough to keep it without paying rent, nor can the owner eject him without ruinous costs."

Our "Mixed Dish" was worthy of better serving up than our publishers have given in their binding; and the pictures which accompany it are as bad as pepper on strawberries. The portraits of Generals Scott, Pillow, and Shields, in the book, look as severally like their originals as the woodcut in the pamphlet edition of Webster's trial looked like Dr. Webster. The picture of the Battle of Churubusco looks as if the American

soldiery were chasing some Mexican mad dogs. And a cut representative of "A Field after the Battle" (where a crow is making a hearty supper off from a man's abdomen, and an immense wolf is rushing over precipices in hope of a meal), is calculated to have a salutary effect upon all juvenile readers tinctured with military ardor.

AMERICAN HISTORY.

The Conquest of Canada. By the Author of *Hochelaga*. Harper & Brothers.

THE history of French colonization in America is one of the most singular problems which our early annals, varied as they are, afford. Among the earliest of the European nations on the virgin soil of the Western world, allured by no extravagant hopes of treasure and consequently saved from the disheartening effects of disappointed expectation, hardy, adventurous, and enterprising to a degree equal to that shown by any other nation, they early pushed to the remotest portions of the continent, tracking their way through the pathless forest, across the vast and unknown inland seas, trusting themselves with confidence to the swift currents of our mighty rivers, and floating trustingly and calmly on their bosom for hundreds on hundreds of miles through regions peopled solely by the dreaded red man, they thus by right of discovery established a widespread dominion over some of the most fertile portions of the American continent. Their trading and military posts extended along the St. Lawrence, the great lakes, and the Mississippi, from the Falls of St. Anthony to its mouth—affording unexampled facilities through these streams for the purposes of trade. Scarce a century passes over them, and this extended chain, broken at almost every link, is swept away for ever. The solution is to be found in the national character of the two nations, who in this, as in the other continent, occupied almost the entire scene. France prides herself on leading the rest of Europe and of the world in the march of ideas and progress. The boast is not without foundation, but her lead has been of but little service to herself, because it has been one only of ideas; the other great essential, of stability, has been wanting. Rushing heedlessly along, and yet not without well planned endeavor, she has often involved herself and her followers in a common ruin. The carefully elaborated chart of the journey is either forgotten in the excitement of its progress or adhered to with an equally headstrong pertinacity, in spite of whatever modifying circumstances may arise.

The French were the forest pioneers of the New World. The fact does not need the attestation of the historian, for it is written in the names borne by many of the great and distinguishing natural features of the West—the Sault, the Portage, and the Prairie, as in many a familiar word in the vernacular of forest life. They were also the pioneers in one of the most important and lucrative branches of American traffic, the fur trade.

Their sway has passed from the face of the land, as one of their own most distinguished writers has confessed, like that of the red men whom they supplanted. Trade has proved a greater conqueror than conquest. The French race, still so numerous in Canada, has almost disappeared from its ancient strongholds of Detroit and St. Louis. But the wave has left its trace not only on the surface of the land, but in the character of its inhabitants. The enthusiasm, the *elan* of the American, carrying him so fearlessly to the cannon's mouth in

war, over snow-peaked mountain and over tempest-tost seas in peace, to what does he owe this invaluable trait of character if not to the Gallie blood which in part courses through his veins?

As far as the Mississippi is concerned, the French Dominion already forms part of our own history. A not unreasonable conjecture imparts a kindred, though prospective interest to Canada.

Next, therefore, to the history of the United States, should that of Canada interest our sympathies, for her history forms part and parcel of our own. Her conquest furnished the school of arms wherein our revolutionary heroes learnt the art of war, and prepared the way, as Montcalm shrewdly presaged, for the conquest of the native sons of the soil over all foreign rule. The author of the work before us commences with a rapid sketch of maritime discovery, with an account of the settlement of each of the American colonies; valuable chapters are also devoted to the geographical and geological features of Canada, and to a minute account of the history and way of life of the American Indian. The narrative of events is impartial in spirit, sympathizing with the brave leaders and hosts of both nations, and exhibiting throughout the easy pen of the scholar and the accomplished writer.

A NEW BOOK BY SYDNEY SMITH.

THE new number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains a Review, in advance of the publication, of a posthumous work of the Canon of St. Paul's,—a collection of Lectures,—“Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy,” they are called, delivered at the Royal Institution in the years 1804, '5, and '6. The topics are such as have been discussed by Dugald Stewart, Brown, and many other professional writers, as Beauty, Wit and Humor, Instinct, &c., but they all assume a new light from the Reverend Sydney's sagacious, subtle, and witty powers. It is interesting to trace his studies of wit, and note the exceedingly witty manner in which he puts it down as a habit of the mind. But of these felicities more anon. The book (which is to be issued shortly) it seems was submitted in MS. to Jeffrey, who, judging the author by his own high standard, pronounced the publication inexpedient. The author himself could hardly be kept from throwing it into the fire, and actually did destroy a portion of it. It was privately printed, a few copies, one of which reached Jeffrey before his death. The result was an absolute reversal of his first judgment, which had been based on a partial inspection, and the declaration, “they will do him as much credit as anything he ever wrote; and produce, on the whole, a stronger impression of the force and vivacity of his intellect, as well as a truer and more engaging view of his character than what the world has yet seen in his writings.”

The *Edinburgh* gives some passages of the genuine flavor, which all true literary epicures will pounce down upon, as at the discovery of another cask, in a concealed bin, of some rare and exquisite vintage, thought to be entirely exhausted.

For a glass of wine and a biscuit, before the coming dinner-entertainment, take this, the opening paragraph of a sketch of “The Faculties of Animals and Men,” which reads like the commencement of an *Edinburgh Review* article of later years:—

“I confess I treat on this subject with some degree of apprehension and reluctance; because, I should be very sorry to do injustice to the poor brutes, who have no professors to revenge their

cause by lecturing on our faculties; and at the same time I know there is a very strong anthropological party, who view all eulogiums on the brute creation with a very considerable degree of suspicion; and look upon every compliment which is paid to the ape as high treason to the dignity of man.

“There may, perhaps, be more of rashness and ill-fated security in my opinion, than of magnanimity or liberality; but I confess I feel myself so much at my ease about the superiority of mankind,—I have such a marked and decided contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have yet seen,—I feel so sure that the blue ape without a tail will never rival us in poetry, painting, and music,—that I see no reason whatever why justice may not be done to the few fragments of soul and tatters of understanding which they may really possess. I have sometimes, perhaps, felt a little uneasy at Exeter Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the prentice boys who are teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, have always restored me to tranquillity, and convinced me that the superiority of man had nothing to fear.”

And this illustration of civilization:—

“His gregarious nature is another cause of man's superiority over all the animals. A lion lies under a hole in a rock; and if any other lion happens to pass by, they fight. Now, whoever gets a habit of lying under a hole in a rock, and fighting with every gentleman who passes near him, cannot possibly make any progress. Every man's understanding and acquirements, how great and extensive soever they may appear, are made up from the contributions of his friends and companions.”

Of the cultivatable powers of wit he observes, and the observation may help us to an understanding of the steady market production of the article for such journals as *Punch*:—

“It is imagined that wit is a sort of inexplicable visitation; that it comes and goes with the rapidity of lightning; and that it is quite as unattainable as beauty or just proportion. I am so much of a contrary way of thinking, that I am convinced a man might sit down as systematically and as successfully to the study of wit, as he might to the study of mathematics; and I would answer for it that, by giving up only six hours a day to being witty, he should come on prodigiously before midsummer, so that his friends should hardly know him again. For what is there to hinder the mind from gradually acquiring a habit of attending to the lighter relations of ideas in which wit consists?”

His objections to that low form of wit called punning assume the form of a general truth, applicable to all the arts where pleasure is the main object:—

“For we may observe, that mankind are always more fastidious about that which is pleasing than they are about that which is useful. A commonplace piece of morality is much more easily pardoned than a commonplace piece of poetry or of wit; because it is absolutely necessary for the well-being of society that the rules of morality should be frequently repeated and enforced; and though, in any individual instance, the thing may be badly done, the sacred necessity of the practice itself atones, in some degree, for the individual failure: but, as there is no absolute necessity that men should be either wits or poets, we are less inclined to tolerate their mediocrity in superfluities. If a man has ordinary chairs and tables, no one notices it; but if he sticks vulgar, gaudy pictures on his walls, which he need not have at all, every one laughs at him for his folly.”

But we should be sorry for all this to see mankind put upon the short allowance of jokes which this regimen would inflict. We know indeed several very worthy men, in a moral point of view, who make a great number of second-rate jokes, and

who are, upon the whole, this perversity being accompanied with good nature, excellent company; shall we confess it—they pun and we still esteem them. There are many occasions in life, certainly, where an indifferent joke is better than none at all.

As for *Charades*, we yield them entirely to the tender mercies of Sydney Smith.

“I shall say nothing of charades, and such sort of unpardonable trumpery. If charades are made at all, they should be made without benefit of clergy; the offender should instantly be hurried off to execution, and be cut off in the middle of his dulness, without being allowed to explain to the executioner why his first is like his second, or what is the resemblance between his fourth and his ninth.”

Certain reflections on the tendencies of the unchecked, unqualified use of this faculty of wit, are very desirable to be read at this time, when our popular literature has suffered so seriously from such omnivorous jokers as the Comic Historians of England, the author of the *Comic Blackstone*, and all that irreverent fraternity; and they place Sydney Smith where he has not been often contemplated, high among the men of feeling.

“It is beautiful,” says he, “to observe the boundaries which nature has affixed to the ridiculous, and to notice how soon it is swallowed up by the more illustrious feelings of our minds. Where is the heart so hard that could bear to see the awkward resources and contrivances of the poor turned into ridicule? Who could laugh at the fractured, ruined body of a soldier? Who is so wicked as to amuse himself with the infirmities of extreme old age? or to find subject for humor in the weakness of a perishing, dissolving body? Who is there that does not feel himself disposed to overlook the little peculiarities of the truly great and wise, and to throw a veil over that ridicule which they have redeemed by the magnitude of their talents, and the splendor of their virtues? Who ever thinks of turning into ridicule our great and ardent hope of a world to come? Whenever the man of humor meddles with these things, he is astonished to find that, in all the great feelings of their nature, the mass of mankind always think and act aright; that they are ready enough to laugh,—but that they are quite as ready to drive away, with indignation and contempt, the light fool who comes with the feather of wit to crumble the bulwarks of truth, and to break down the Temples of God.”

MEDICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* (Philadelphia: April) contains a leading article from Dr. Warren, of Boston, President of the U. S. Medical Convention, now in session at Cincinnati, upon the prevention of Constipation, which may be considered as somewhat on the Graham theory. It is, nevertheless, as is to be expected, an exceedingly valuable article, and might be read with advantage by the community generally. Cracked wheat is the great curative agent.

The following extract from the minutes of the Boston Soc. for Med. Improvement (perhaps the most scientific and practically useful Society in the United States), will be found of interest:—“Dr. Bowditch remarked that he had lately made some microscopic observations on 49 individuals taken from all classes in the community. None of them had any serious malady affecting the mouth. In all save two, he had found either vegetable or animal parasites between the teeth, or at the junction of the gums with the teeth. These parasites had been noticed by others, but generally they had been considered as evidences of a diseased state. Dr. B. considered them as the result of

uncleanliness. Still further, in order to be sure of avoiding them, Dr. B. stated that it was necessary to brush the mouth *thoroughly* after every meal, and even this is insufficient, in some cases, where decayed or false teeth exist. The two individuals who did not have either vegetable growths (algæ) or infusoria (either monads, vibriones, spirillum, &c.), were both young; both cleaned four times daily, and frequently *threaded* the teeth. One had been accustomed to use soap suds every morning in rinsing the mouth. Dr. B. had made experiments with several tooth-washes, and he had found that soap, soda, ammonia, and the chlorine tooth wash, destroyed speedily all the infusoria, but that infusions of cinchona and myrrh did not have the same effect. Among Dr. B.'s hospital patients who chewed or smoked tobacco, the infusoria was by no means annihilated, but existed in rather greater numbers than in those who abstained from its use. Dr. B. applied strong infusions of tobacco to these infusoria while under the microscope, without any manifest result."

The New York Journal of Medicine, for May, 1850.—This excellent journal continues to deserve the encomiums that we passed upon recent numbers. The article by Dr. Vache, on Cholera, is the longest in this number. We welcome Dr. Fordyce Barker not only to the journal but to New York.

A Dictionary of Practical Medicine. By James Copland, M.D., &c. Edited, with Additions, by Charles A. Lee, M.D. Part XXI. (New York: HARPERS.)—The history of this work may be also called the history of the life of a man, for when Dr. Copland commenced the work, many years since, he was a young man without patients or influence. Every succeeding number, as the voluminous work approached nearer to the close, found him with more occupied hours, and with a reputation, both literary and professional, that older men than he might have envied. His time has of late been so much absorbed by the lucrative London practice, that it has been greatly feared he would never finish the work. Still the habits of industry thus acquired, in spite of all obstacles, continue to furnish a volume or two each successive year, and thus constitute for him a monument more glorious than any of marble.

The principal objection to Dr. Copland is, that he is an Englishman, which fact causes him rather strangely to forget that there is a nation of Americans. Dr. Lee, the able American editor, supplies all such neglects, and fills up the gaps. We are glad that the success of this work is good; conformable, in some degree, to its merits.

A Lecture, introductory to the Course in the Medical Institution of Geneva College, by C. B. Coventry, M.D., Prof., &c., delivered March 7th, 1850.—This is an able lecture, and the truths therein written are well worthy of publication at this period, "when error and false pretension gain so ready an access to the public ear." We will make but a single quotation:—"Literary men are particularly liable to suffer from an overwrought brain, as their occupation is almost unceasing, and gives them no time for muscular exercise, and they live in constant violation of the laws of health. When nature begins to cry out and complain of this constant violation of her laws, they apply to the physician. If he is candid he will tell them they are committing suicide, and can only be saved by abandoning their occupation: but they answer, this is impossible! they must be cured without giving up business. Finding no satisfaction from the regular pro-

fession, they try the irregular; they purchase a box of pills, which are an infallible remedy for constipation or dyspepsia, or for the liver complaint; they try to regulate their diet, live on brown bread, take a little more exercise, and imagine they are a little better, but still continue to work the overwrought brain; they relapse, and are as bad or worse than ever. At length something must be done. A friend recommends a Hydropathic establishment, and they at last determine to try it. The brain is now permitted to rest; pure air, simple and nourishing food, with regular exercise, produce their natural effect, whilst wet sheets are thrown in by way of amusement. At the end of eight or ten weeks he returns with improved health, and satisfied to have paid eight or ten dollars per week for luxuries which he spurned when offered gratuitously by the hand of nature; thinks Hydropathy a sovereign cure for all the ills of life, and rails against the regular profession because they could not arrest the laws of nature, and give him health while living in constant violation of all its precepts. He returns to his former occupation and habits, and soon his enemy returns, and he is compelled to resort again to Hydropathy, with less confidence than before. After years of suffering he is forced to admit what was told him in the beginning, that his mode of living is incompatible with health."

Inaugural Address before the New York Academy of Medicine, delivered Feb. 6, 1850. By Isaac Wood, M.D. To which is prefixed a Valedictory Address by Valentine Mott, M.D.—These addresses are very well, especially that of Dr. Wood, which modestly gives the place of honor to the retiring president. It is terse, epigrammatic, to the point, and very short, and was the first evidence of the vigorous manner in which he has since presided over the proceedings of the Academy. They are of local interest, and containing but little of great value in their contents, by their publication, serve to prove that the treasury is in a flourishing condition. While this pulse beats well, and the tongue looks as healthy as herein presented, the Academy will continue to go on flourishingly.

MRS. FRANCES OSGOOD.

THE tender and delicate poetess whose verses, thickly sown in the periodical literature of the day, have afforded much welcome innocent delight to American readers of late years, died in this city on Sunday last, at the age of thirty-seven. She had suffered much from ill health of late, but the announcement of her death came unexpectedly to her friends. They will remember the winning manner, the index of the graceful mind, which was alike the personal charm of her society and the attractive quality of her writings; though many of the latter bear indications of a thoughtful seriousness which, had the life of the author been prolonged, would probably have extended her influence, through other compositions of this class, with the public. In a certain light vein of versifying Mrs. Osgood's facility was very remarkable. Several volumes of her Poems have appeared both in England and in this country. The best collection, an elegantly illustrated volume, was published last season at Philadelphia.

CIVIL LIBERTY DEFINED.—This is not the liberty which we can hope that no grievances ever should arise in the commonwealth; that let no man in this world expect; but when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for.—*John Milton.*

Original Poetry.

SONG OF THE COMMUNIST.

I.
Pass the flask, thou pleasant fellow,
Brimming from the choicest vat,
Kept for us, till ripe and mellow,
By some dead aristocrat:
Hail we here the newborn season
Of the grey and wrinkled earth,
Hail the day of fullblown reason,
Day of freedom, wine, and mirth.

II.
Chiliads of slavish ages
Ended are, a worthless host,
Iron lords and bearded sages
Given up at last the ghost;
Kings have wielded heavy sceptres,
And the luckless urchin, man,
Has been thrawacked by his preceptors
Since the school of time began.

III.
Ah! what hapless, cringing masses
Bowed the neck in years of old,
Bending still, like foolish asses
Laden with their masters' gold;
Dreamy Platos built before us
Airy schemes of social laws,
But the world has laughed in chorus
At their weak, ideal saws.

IV.
Prophet of the new creation,
Proudhon with the fiery tongue,
Stand and pour the revelation
Such as seer has never sung.
Let the thoughts thy spirit speaking
Have volcanic utterance;
Now unveil the glory breaking
On regenerated France.

V.
What is law but contradiction
Of the sacred rights of man?
What is marriage but a fiction
Hallowed by the churchly ban?
What is property, O neighbor,
But the most unblushing stealth?
Who made me to live by labor,
Thee to pocket nature's wealth?

VI.
Look, where history commences,
Lord and ladyship were not:
Eden was not lined with fences,
Adam was a sansculotte;
Marriage yoked not drudging woman,
At the word of tithe-fed priests;
Acorns and all else were common,
Man was free as other beasts.

VII.
See, again, upon our vision,
Those primeval scenes arise,
Bursts a magic state Elysian,
Paris is a Paradise!
See phalansteries unfolding
All of social good and fair;
Princes meek, their napkins holding,
Wait behind the people's chair.

VIII.
Debtors dwell in bankers' houses,
Unbelief dons gown and stole,
Ouvriers, in unwashed blouses,
With gay ladies cheek by jowl;
Madame Sand is chief appointed,
Sue will grace the woollack well,
And for Church, the Lord's anointed
Shall be good Abbé Chatel!

IX.
Happy age! and happy Paris!
Speed the cycle of thy fate,
Social bias no longer tarries,
Proudhon speaks the word "Create."
Be the puny Godhead banished,
Who has ruled us hitherto,
The old-world régime is vanished,
Proudhon has made all things new.

Newburyport, Mass.

E. A. W.

THE SPRING.

[From the German.]

In the early morn,
Singing, smiling, pail in hand,
To the Spring I went.
For water! No!

Huntsman Fritz went down the path
Leading to the Mary-spring—
"I go for water, Mother!"

Huntsman Fritz is there,
Leaning gravely on his gun.
"Ah, Fritz! thou here?"
(Wondering eyes!)

"Curious that we thus should meet;
Seldom come I to the Spring
So early in the morning!"

Fritz knows well the girls:
Winking, smiling, he replied,
"Oh, I know it all!
Behind a tree

I hid myself before thou cam'st;
Saw thee looking round for me—
Oh, the cunning Meta!"

Then there was a kiss.
Talking, laughing, there we stood,
Happy as the birds.

"Fritz, I must go;
The mother for her breakfast waits."
Another kiss, "Till next sunrise—
Farewell, my little darling!"

Then home I went,
Singing, smiling, pail in hand,
Thinking of my Fritz.
"How slow thou art!

I could have gone in half the time—
Give me the pail, thou lazy thing,
Why, it is empty, daughter!"

How the Mother raged,
Scolding, frowning, full of wrath!
Trembling there I stood,
Beside the pail.

"Wicked girl! take care, take care—
I must watch thee day and night."
But Fritz I'll see to-morrow!

G. M. R.

HIDE AND SEEK.

(From the Saxon Dialect.)

I HIDE myself behind a tree;
Wilhelm seeks his little dove—
Seeks in vain, then gaily cries,
"Where art thou hidden, darling?"

I give no answer: on he goes,
Searching every leafy bush—
Seeks in vain, then gravely cries,
"Where art thou hidden, Esther?"

Still no answer: now he fumes,
Will no longer seek for me—
"Nay, if thou wilt not show thyself,
I'll leave thee, foolish maiden!"

Then he marches off in scorn;
Out I creep and follow him,
Mimicking his stately steps,
And smiling at his anger.

Now he stops and looks behind,
Sees me, clasps me to his breast—
Foolish maiden now no more,
Nor Esther, but sweet darling!

G. M. R.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

[From an article in the Eclectic Review, which renders a late act of justice to this too much neglected author. A collected edition of his writings, and such is announced by Messrs Ticknor, Reed, and Fields, of Boston, would prove one of the choicest and most original of all the recently collected Miscellanies of Macaulay, Carlyle, and others.]

SKETCH OF HIS HISTORY.

THOS. DE QUINCEY is the son of a Liverpool merchant. He is one of several children, the premature loss of one of whom he has, in his *Suspiria de Profundis*, published in *Blackwood*,

most plaintively and eloquently deplored. His father seems to have died early. Guardians were appointed over him, with whom he contrived to quarrel, and from whose wing, while studying at Oxford, he fled to London. There he underwent a series of surprising adventures and severe sufferings, which he has recounted in the first part of his *Opium Confessions*. On one occasion, while on the point of death by starvation, his life was saved by the intervention of a poor street-stroller, of whom he afterwards lost sight, but whom, in the strong gratitude of his heart, he would pursue into the central darkness of a London brothel or into the deeper darkness of the grave. Part of the same dark period of his life was spent in Wales, where he subsisted now on the hospitality of the country people, and now, poor fellow, on hips and haws. He was at last found out by some of his friends and remanded to Oxford. There he formed an acquaintance with Christopher North, which has continued unimpaired to this hour. Both, besides the band of kindred genius, had that of profound admiration, then a rare feeling, for the poetry of Wordsworth. In the course of this part of his life he visited Ireland, and was introduced soon afterwards to Opium, fatal friend, treacherous ally, root of that tree, called wormwood, which has overshadowed all his after life. A blank here occurs in his history. We find him next in a small white cottage in Cumberland, married, studying Kant, drinking laudanum, and dreaming the most wild and wondrous dreams which ever crossed the brain of mortal. These dreams he recorded in the *London Magazine*, then a powerful periodical, conducted by John Scott, and supported by such men as Hazlitt, Reynolds, and Allan Cunningham. The *Confessions*, when published separately, ran like wildfire, although from their anonymous form they added nothing at the time to the author's fame. Not long after their publication, Mr. De Quincey came down to Scotland, where he has continued to reside, wandering from place to place, contributing to periodicals of all sorts and sizes, to *Blackwood*, *Tait*, *North British Review*, *Hogg's Weekly Instructor*, as well as writing for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and publishing one or two independent works, such as *Klosterheim*, a tale, and the *Logic of Political Economy*. His wife has been long dead. Three of his daughters, amiable and excellent persons, live in the sweet village of Lasswade, in the neighborhood of Edinburgh, and there he is, we believe, at present, himself.

HIS OPIUM EATING.

We ought to estimate Mr. De Quincey's criminality with precision and justice; and, while granting that he used opium to excess, an excess seldom paralleled, we must take his own explanation of the circumstances which led him to begin its use, and of the effects it produced on him. He did not begin it to multiply or intensify his pleasures, still less to lash himself with its fiery thongs into a counterfeit inspiration, but to alleviate bodily pain. It became, gradually and reluctantly, a necessity of his life. Like the serpents around Laocoon, it confirmed its grasp, notwithstanding the wild tossings of his arms, the spasmodic resistance of every muscle, the loud shouts of protesting agony; and, when conquered, he lay like the overpowered Hæcaterion in the cave, sullen, still in despair, breathing hard, but perfectly powerless. Its effects on him, too, were of a peculiar kind. They were not brutifying or blackguardizing. He was never intoxicated with the drug in his

life; nay, he denies its power to intoxicate. Nor did it at all weaken his intellectual faculties, any more than it strengthened them. We have heard poor creatures consoling themselves for their inferiority by saying, "Coleridge would not have written so well but for opium." "No thanks to De Quincey for his subtlety, he owes it to opium." Let such persons swallow the drug, and try to write the *Suspiria*, or the *Aids to Reflection*. Coleridge and De Quincey were great in spite of their habits. Nay, we believe that on truly great intellects stimulus produces little inspiration at all. Can opium think? can beer imagine? It is De Quincey in opium, not opium in De Quincey, that ponders and that writes. The stimulus is only the occasional cause which brings the internal power into play; it may sometimes dwarf the giant, but it can never really elevate the dwarf. The evil influences of opium on De Quincey were of a different, but a very pernicious, sort; they weakened his will; they made him a colossal slave to a tiny tyrant; they shut him up (like the genii in the *Arabian Tales*) in a phial filled with a dusky fire; they spread a torpor over the energies of his body; they closed up or poisoned the natural sources of enjoyment; the air, the light, the sunshine, the breeze, the influences of spring, lost all charm and power over him. Instead of these, snow was welcomed with an unnatural joy, storm embraced as a brother, and the stern scenery of night arose like a desolate temple round his ruined spirit. If his heart was not utterly hardened, it was owing to its peculiar breadth and warmth. At last his studies were interrupted, his peace broken, his health impaired, and then came the noon of his night; a form of gigantic gloom, swaying an "ebon sceptre," which stood over him in triumph, and it seemed as if nothing less than a miraculous intervention could rescue the victim from his power. But the victim was not an ordinary one. Feeling that hell had come, and that death was at hand, he determined, by a mighty effort, to arise from his degradation. For a season his struggles were great and impotent, as those of the giants cast down by Jove under Etna. The mountain shook, the burden tottered, but the light did not at first appear. Nor has he ever, we suspect, completely emancipated himself from his bondage; but he has struggled manfully against it, and has cast off such a large portion of the burden that it were injustice not to say of him that he is now "free."

A GLANCE AT HIS LITERARY ACHIEVEMENTS.

De Quincey's works, if collected, would certainly possess sufficient bulk; they lie scattered, in prodigal profusion, through the thousand and one volumes of our periodical literature; and we are certain that a selection of their better portions would fill ten admirable octavos. Mr. De Quincey himself was lately urged to collect them. His reply was, "Sir, the thing is absolutely insuperable, and for ever impossible. Not the archangel Gabriel nor his multipotent adversary durst attempt any such thing!" We suspect, at least, that death must seal the lips of the "old man eloquent" ere such a selection shall be made. And yet in these unsounded abysses, what treasures might be found of criticism, of logic, of wit, of metaphysical acumen, of research, of burning eloquence, and essential poetry! We should meet there with admirable specimens of translation from Jean Paul Richter and Lessing; with a criticism on the former, quite equal to that more famous one of Carlyle's; with historical chapters, such as those

in *Blackwood* on the Cæsars, worthy of Gibbon; with searching criticisms, such as the one on the knocking of Macbeth, and two series on Landor and Schlosser; with the elephantine humor of his lectures on "Murder, considered as one of the fine arts;" and with the deep theological insight of his papers on Christianity, considered as a means of social progress, and on the Essenes. In fact, De Quincey's knowledge of theology is equal to that of two bishops: in metaphysics, he could puzzle any German professor: in astronomy, he has outshone Professor Nichol: in chemistry, he can outlive Samuel Brown: and in Greek, excite to jealousy the shades of Porson and Parr. There is another department in which he stands first, second, and third; we mean the serious hoax. Do our readers remember the German romance of Walladmor, passed off at the Leipzig fair as one of Sir Walter Scott's, and afterwards translated into English? The translation, which was, in fact, a new work, was executed by De Quincey, who, finding the original dull, thought proper to re-write it; and thus, to charge trick upon trick. Or have they ever read his chapter in *Blackwood* for July, 1837, on the "Retreat of a Tartar Tribe?" a chapter certainly containing the most powerful historical painting we ever read, and recording a section of adventurous and romantic story not equalled, he says, "since the retreat of the fallen angels." This chapter, we have good reason for knowing, originated principally in his own inventive brain. Add to this, the fiery eloquence of his *Confessions*, the labored speculation of his *Political Economy*, the curiously-perverted ingenuity of his *Klosterheim*, and the solemn, sustained, linked, and lyrical raptures of his *Suspiria*, and we have answered the question, What has he done? But another question is less easy to answer, What can he, or should he, or shall he, yet do? And here we venture to express a long-cherished opinion. Pure history, or that species of biography which merges into history, is his forte, and ought to have been his selected province. He never could have written a first-rate fiction or poem, or elaborated a complete or original system of philosophy, although both his imagination and his intellect are of a very high order. But he has every quality of the great historian, except compression; he has learning, insight, the power of reproducing the past, fancy to color, and wit to enliven his writing, and a style which, while it is unwieldy upon small subjects, rises to meet all great occasions, like a senator to salute a king. The only danger is, that if he were writing the history of the Crusades or Cæsars, for instance, his work would expand to the dimensions of the *Universal History*.

LETTER FROM MR. THACKERAY.

THE Author of *Pendennis* pleasantly turns the tables on some Irish editors, who made him the subject of a blundering attack, in this neat reply addressed to a London journal.

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES.

To the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*:

SIR—I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell, writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked, "Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers." "Bedad, it's capers I mane!" the gallant and impetuous

O'Trigger remarked; and instantly apologized in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers, and an Irish member of Parliament in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers sent to me by friends, and one of them, who is most active on my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent upon cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself. It is these, while it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal to-morrow morning, you will possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Fraser's Magazine*, called *Catharine*, and founded upon the history of the murderess Catharine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste then prevalent for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal, and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horribly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, "*Catharine*" was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the last number of the story of *Pendennis* (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers—Bluebeard, George Barnwell, Catharine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends—meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Mrs. Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at her Majesty's Theatre. I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it was, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honor, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in "*Pendennis*" my tribulations begin, and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. *Vindex* writes to the *Freeman's Journal*, saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with the murderers and cut-throats—whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. The *Freeman's Journal*, in language intelligible always, if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am "the Big Blubber man," "the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public," that I am guilty of unmanly grossness and cowardly assault, and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but did not

succeed. The *Freeman* adds, in a concluding paragraph, that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman; and that if I have "this very simple and complete defence to make, I shall hasten to offer it." I don't take in the *Freeman's Journal*—I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and, calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The *Mail*, assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the inermittated sentence thus, "its brutality is so far neutralized by its absurdity as to render it utterly harmless." No. 2.

No. 3. The *Packet*, speaking of the judgment of both of its contemporaries, says admirably:—

"This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish press, and will be no doubt a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes. But . . . we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catharine with the murderers and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically"—and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catharine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last. It stands thus:

1. I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured, Miss Hayes.

2. The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and, no doubt, have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady! She is to be gratified by seeing a man belabored, who never thought of her or meant her a wrong.

3. But if I had injured Miss Hayes, many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and if capers had been anchovies, I should richly have merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge except in Ireland, believing that it must be painful to the young lady whose name has been most innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honor, then, to Miss Hayes, that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman would question me?—that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am, sir, your very faithful servant,

WM. THACKERAY.

Garrick Club, April 11, 1850.

THE SPRINGTIME.—In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against Nature not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.—*John Milton*.

The Fine Arts.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THIRD VIEW—THE PORTRAITS—THE SCULPTURE.

ONE third of all the pictures in the Exhibition of the Academy for the present year are portraits. This is the usual predominance. Nobody would recognise the collection were there fewer of those unhappy "gentlemen" and unfortunate "ladies" who are annually hung "incog." by the Academy, after having been previously, by an inverse process of torture, drawn and quartered by some persevering academican. We recollect the great and unexpected popularity of the Cole Exhibition, and other similar collections, where the absence of portraits was one of the first features of attraction; we look in at the Art-Union rooms where no such things are ever visible, and we wonder less at the want of public interest in the exhibitions of the Academy. For the purpose of popularity and real enjoyment by the spectators who are not artists, one third of the whole collection is thrown away. Who cares how Timothy Hodgson or Paul Jenkins, Esq., look, or whether they have Roman, Grecian, or aquiline noses? Who gives a second look at Mrs. Trott's green bodice or lace scarf? What over-affectionate papa even can take any great satisfaction in viewing a "counterfeit presentment" of somebody else's baby holding on to its toe, or the rising hope of some family whom he never heard of, portrayed on the canvas, accompanying an exaggerated "hoople"? It is all very well for artists to paint portraits. The more the better. But surely for the Academy to exercise no judgment or discretion in the admission of them is by no means as well. If there be any one department of art in regard to which greater care and discrimination should be exercised than in any other, it is this department of portraits. If there be any one department in regard to which the course adopted by the Academy would have the effect of confusing the public taste and misleading its judgment, it is precisely this. Everything in the shape of a portrait that has come to hand seems to have been hung incontinently. From Hicks's roughly and almost violently painted heads to the transparent, unnatural-like smoothness of INGHAM's wax faces and taper fingers, every intermediate style of drawing, coloring, and expression to which the human countenance can be subjected, is fully exemplified. Blue faces and white, black faces and grey, full lengths, half-lengths, and quarter-lengths, every size and sort—they are all here, helter skelter, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, all enjoying a most impartial distribution of the light of the Academy. What constitutes a good portrait who that goes to the Academy for instruction could ever decide? What constitutes a bad one who that visits the Academy for criticism can ever be at a loss to define?

We are not going into a crusade against Portraits in general. Spirits of Titian and Rembrandt forbid! In spite of the Daguerreotype there will still be plenty of portrait painting. People are no less self-complacent than they used to be, and the peculiar satisfaction with which heads of families survey their own physiognomies on the parlor walls remains undiminished by the progress of improvement and the lapse of time. And a good portrait, moreover, is a good thing; an excellent thing, especially as it is getting so rare. No reproduction of Nature on the canvas is more worthy of the best care and highest skill of the artist than that of the human face and form.

There is, however, unfortunately, hardly a branch of the art more neglected and less studied, or in which there are more experimenters and fewer proficient. The portrait painters as a class display little advance. The works which they furnish this year are precise counterparts of those which last year and the year before exhibited to the public admiration. Certainly the point beyond which improvement is unnecessary or impossible was not gained by any of them, twelve or twenty-four months ago. The explanation seems to be painfully easy. Portrait Painting is a trade, and the National Academy is the grand annual advertiser of the portrait painters. People understand this, and go to the gallery not to see what excellences of effect or improvement in style the portraits exhibit, or even to examine them at all for pleasure, but to see who can paint papa best, or what is the most becoming attitude and *coiffure* for mamma's contemplated half length; whether vermilion satin bodices or red velvet are most in vogue; whether long sleeves or short assert a pre-eminence the realm of art.

But to turn from the mass of portraits in general, and discriminate a little, we shall find that the most positive injury by the bad portraits is done to the good ones. One can pick out a large number of well and carefully painted heads from the six score portraits of the present exhibition, and no greater injustice can be done to their excellence than thrusting them into such company as they find in the Academy. PAGE's striking head, for instance (No. 128), the only picture by this artist in the gallery, or ELLIOTT's highly wrought and carefully finished productions grouped with such abominations as No. 301, "portrait of a gentleman," apparently a gentleman in great straits, and about rushing from his arm chair to the window with suicidal intentions, or No. 309, "The Young Mother," a mother most painfully alive to the importance of maternal duties and the necessity of discharging them in spite of the public. Such pictures as these last two ought to be ignored in any collection of pictures pretending to be a selection. Other things equally unworthy of exhibition or of the name of pictures might be enumerated without much difficulty; but this would be an unpleasant and, in the detail, unnecessary task. Much more agreeable is it to call attention to the few good portraits which the galleries afford, and amongst which we notice the following:

Nos. 23, 25, 37, and, in fact, all of the twelve heads from the easel of Elliott. They are not uniformly excellent; some being more carefully finished than others, and with better opportunities for the display of this painter's best characteristics. Among the best are the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bellows, and that of Mr. Laight (No. 355). The latter is remarkably fine in the execution of the silvery grey hair lightly thrown over the forehead, and painted in the happiest manner. Others of Mr. Elliott's heads exhibit striking and admirable qualities, a bold free touch, an unexaggerated and yet decided color, a careful elimination of details, and a judicious selection of accessories. He is somewhat wanting in idealization, a quality which may better follow in order of attainment than precede the prior requisite of portrait painting which we have indicated as already possessed by this artist.

P. P. DUGGAN, the professor of drawing in the Free Academy, contributes a portrait, No. 16, which promises well for his success in seizing upon the prominent characteristics of a face, and giving them expression on the

canvas. This style of portrait painting is apt to lead to exaggeration, but in practised hands admits of the display of great power.

J. AMES, who, after shocking us in the first gallery with a full length of Pope Pius (No. 29), which does the venerable Pontiff more injustice than Austria and the citizens of Rome put together ever did, and painfully reminding us of the Cenci by a portrait to which he gives the name of "Myrrha" (No. 146), the arrangement of the hair and turban and expression of the face, and everything but the execution being very similar to that famous picture, brings up on a Rembrandtish half-length of Franklin Dexter, Esq., of Boston (No. 348), which, though overdone, is decidedly better than any other work of this artist's in the galleries.

We have already spoken of Hicks with commendation. His portraits deserve further special mention and reference. Besides the portrait of Dr. Johnson (No. 57), the Portrait of a Lady, evidently French (No. 155), displays great clearness and force of coloring, and an exquisite feeling, especially in the painting of the cheek and eye. Better than either of these, however, in our judgment, is No. 368, the head of an old man, one of the most striking and satisfactory in the present exhibition. There are a vigor and intensity about this work and the former ones which place Mr. Hicks among our best painters of portraits, and are the promise of much future success.

INGHAM has his usual quota of glassy, glossy ladies, with silken hair and charmingly transparent complexions. For care and finish, though in an extreme which we particularly disrelish, he sets an example well worthy of emulation by younger artists, and is, in spite of his softness, generally happy in his likenesses.

We have neither time nor patience for further specifications. GEORGE W. FLAGG, S. B. FLAGG, SHEGOUE, T. A. MOUNT, and WENZLER exhibit portraits, some of which are worthy of attention, but we refer our readers to the walls of the Academy for particulars. Portraits are great bores in a popular exhibition of paintings, unless they are remarkably good; and a circuit of these Galleries, with an eye only to this feature of the exhibition, is most provokingly discouraging, giving due credit to the alleviations, some of which we have noticed.

The Sculpture of this year's exhibition merits a remark or two.

Of the seventeen works of this description, thirteen are the production of H. K. Brown, and are most creditable to his artistic powers. They consist of several busts, bas-reliefs, representing the four seasons, and executed with a great deal of grace and feeling, and a statue of Ruth, which is a highly pleasing and well finished work. The bust of Bryant pleases us least. The artist has not caught the best expression of the poet, nor idealized his features sufficiently. There is more of the Evening Post than of Thanatopsis in the face.

Aurora, by MOZIER, star-gemmed and resplendent in as white and dazzling marble as can be cut from the purest veins of Carrara, is a pleasing creation, and one of the best works which this artist has yet produced. It is of the "Proserpine" school—Mr. Mozier being, in the style and manner of his works, quite imitative of Powers. He has, however, great facility of execution, and produces carefully elaborated and well proportioned figures.

The statues and busts are gracefully arranged in a small gallery well adapted for

their exhibition, and add very much to the interest of the collection. Efforts should be made to procure for every year an increasing proportion of the works of our native sculptors, for the Galleries of the Academy.

We have nothing further to say at present of the National Academy. On the whole, its twenty-fifth exhibition is promising and satisfactory; less so, however, than we had at first hoped. In this age of invention, progress, and improvement, the arts must be constantly and steadily on the advance. To remain stationary, is to retrograde. The motto of the Academy has need to be still "*Excelsior*."

The Drama.

THE THEATRES.

THE several city theatres opened in unusual force on Monday evening, and were in general well attended. Large audiences assembled at the Astor Place and at Niblo's, at the former to greet Miss Cushman on her return from her successful southern visit, and at the other popular resort at the opening of the summer dramatic season, after the late brief but highly successful season of the Havana opera company. A new operatic drama with the title of *Home*, from the pen of Mr. Brougham, introduced at the latter house several of the old New York favorites in Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Brougham, the author himself, Miss Mary Taylor, and Mr. Chippendale.

At the Astor Place Opera the tide was at last fairly turned in the manager's favor; the back boxes of the upper galleries and the lobbies being well filled with an audience which shows the ready capability of filling this house from the large theatre-going population (the recent support of the opera) about its central position. All that is needed is a sufficiently sterling attraction. Miss Cushman opened with *Romeo*, a dramatic novelty; it being her first performance of that successful hit of her London engagements in this city. We have as little disposition to criticize the performance as to praise it; success being necessarily in the inverse ratio of the feminine qualities of any woman, and holding it an ungallant thing to say of a lady that she acted all like a man. Of course there is no redemption of the assumption of the doublet and hose in such a character as in those parts of Shakspeare where it is taken up and laid aside again, "semblative," through all "a woman's part." So we may compliment Miss Cushman by saying that she was not perfectly the man; though there were abundant talent, intellect, and energy, throughout, of a high order. The *effort* was in a certain random movement, and attitudinizing, which, however, gave place to rare bursts of enthusiasm, as in the scene with the friar on the banishment.

The company drawn together by the manager was creditable in itself for these times, and especially so to his desire to merit success. Mr. Bass himself took the subordinate part of the servant to the Nurse, Miss Frances Wallack was the Juliet, Mr. Coudlock played Mercutio with taste and naturalness, Mr. Mason was a badly-dressed but eloquent Friar Lawrence, with an excellent appreciation of the language of Shakspeare. Mr. Placide is also engaged, and has been announced for Touchstone and Sir Harcourt Courtly.

With respect to the Duke's Wager and the inquiries of the public as to the question of authorship, it appears they are to get very little satisfaction, at least from head-quarters. Nothing has been directly uttered by the par-

ties. The *Evening Post*, indeed, states that Mr. Bass paid five hundred dollars for the play as announced, in good faith, which absolves him. If this is correct, the onus is thrown on the lady author. It is added that Miss Dean, who won a new wreath of metropolitan laurels by her personation of the heroine, Gabrielle de Belle Isle, has paid the manager a larger sum for the property. We look upon this deception practised upon the public as a matter affecting the honor of the stage. If a lower standard of morality is admitted there than elsewhere, who can complain that the stage is taken by the public at its own valuation?

Two dramatic versions of the Vicar of Wakefield have been produced in London. One, by Mr. Tom Taylor, follows the novel closely, and has been very successful; the other, by Mr. Sterling Coyne, aims rather at broad farce than fidelity to the story—and has met with less success. This version has been produced—not, however, successfully—at Burton's. The idea of transferring a work whose charm lies so much in its style and its latent rather than broad apparent humor (much as it possesses of the latter) to the boards cannot be regarded as very happy; but it is a gratifying indication that this most delightful of books has lost none of its well merited popularity.

Facts and Opinions.

At the meeting of the Historical Society on Tuesday of last week, considerable interest was excited by the reading of a paper by the Rev. Dr. Hawks, a Satirical Account of New England Life and Customs, from the Lambeth Collection of MSS., the series of valuable documents illustrative of our early history brought together by Dr. H. on a mission some time since to England, for the purpose, undertaken at the request of the General Protestant Episcopal Convention. The paper in question, which bore date the latter part of the seventeenth century, was attributed by Dr. H. to Randolph, the Secretary of the governor, Andros, and of course bore a strong exparte Anti-American feeling. Its novelty was its utter opposition, in derogatory anecdote and sharp sayings, to the prevailing eulogy of the Pilgrim Forefathers. A copy was requested for the use of the Society, which will be deposited among the MSS. accessible to the public, and will prove both curious and instructive to the student of our colonial history.

Among the sprouts which indicate the growth and metropolitanism of New York, we have constantly springing up in streets and by-ways, new shops for the sale of newspapers. Among the most accessible and accommodating of these, is one lately opened in the quietude of Bond street, at No. 56, just off the Bowery, by Mr. R. P. Elliot, whose popular manner of dealing will, no doubt, make it a profitable resort.

The last experiment made by Mr. Shepherd with the message-balloons, which were sent up on the 3d of March from the roof of the Admiralty-buildings, at Whitehall, says a late number of the *London Times*, have been very successful. A letter has just been received at the Admiralty containing one of the slips, picked up on the 7th of March by a commercial traveller from Birmingham, who found it and observed several others of the same kind at Altona, near Hamburg, a distance of about 450 miles from London. The slips must have dropped from the balloon in its flight over the north of Europe, and its ultimate fate is as yet unascertained. The balloon referred to was made of gold-beaters' skin, with an expansive balloon suspended underneath to receive the gas as the expansion took place in the upper regions of the atmosphere, which accounts for the great distance it is known to have travelled. By aid of

similar balloons Captain Collinson and Captain Austin may be able to make known their positions to each other by dispatching them with slips in the Arctic regions, and they may also be able to convey intelligence to Sir John Franklin and his gallant companions, informing them where provisions and friends are waiting or searching for them.

The *London Atlas* chronicles one of the last phases of Parisian court society:—"The *soirées* at the Elysée have changed their aspect ever since that memorable day of the Faubourg St. Antoine. All the ostentation and vanity of expense which made the court of Napoleon the most brilliant in the world have been renewed, as if to do homage to the salons wherein once throned that most seductive of all the bright angels of this world, the Princess Pauline;—the richest *parures*, the most expensive laces, are all brought out once more to grace the receptions which not more than a month ago were pronounced vulgar, plebeian, and *mauvais ton*. It becomes a matter of astonishment to the beholder to observe the enormous quantity of riches which have thus been suddenly brought to view. Assuredly there can no longer be the fear of meeting with Socialists or Red Republicans at the *soirées* of the President. The Princess Mathilde no longer stands alone in her glory; her magnificent display of diamonds is rivalled, if not eclipsed, in more instances than one. One of our Legitimist ladies, after loading her person with the jewels which had been amassed by her husband's family for several hundred years, and having apparently adorned every part of her person to her heart's content, found means to outshine her competitors by the addition of two magnificent rosettes of brilliants on her shoes, an extravagance which has not been seen in France since the days of the Regency. One of our great wits, on gazing round at the splendid exhibition of elderly ladies arranged against the wall, upright and motionless in all this magnificence, could not forbear exclaiming, "Ah, well-a-day! how truly it is that woman is made to be the foe to man all through her life. When no longer possessing youth and beauty to tempt us to one sin, they use every means in their power to tempt us to another!" *Au reste*, it is said that the empire of the fair sex, *le règne des femmes*, is drawing fast to a close. In vain do they struggle and defend themselves with lion-like courage. They are decidedly losing ground in Paris; and, although they yield only inch by inch, yet are they compelled to retreat. Politics absorb the men, and the women are, therefore, driven to extravagance in order to attract notice. It is dreaded that this sad necessity will injure that elegance and refinement of manners for which the women of Paris have hitherto been so remarkable. Already another race is springing up—the bold daring, the masculine recklessness which formerly used to be the distinguishing characteristic of the *loretti* and *lionne*, have gradually crept among the ladies of the higher classes; and it is proved that many a fair seducer, whose beauty and fascination had remained unnoticed, has risen suddenly into fashion and repute by her talent in despatching a cigar or her skill in handling the foils; fencing being considered at this moment, as it was during the Regency, an accomplishment necessary to the perfect education of every fine lady.

The clever "Metropolitan Gossip" of the *Linerpool Albion*, says of Cooper's "Ways of the Hour," just issued in London:—"This is a work calculated to add a most agreeable half-a-century to the longevity of Mr. John Wilson Croker. All that Hall, Hamilton, Trollope, Dickens, and the *Quarterly*, put together and multiplied by a million, have said against the meanness, vice, tyranny, ignorance, hypocrisy, and loathsome repulsiveness of society in the United States, is a glowing panegyric compared to what is here set forth by the chosen and avowed champion of Columbian super-excel-

lence in everything. The mode in which he has set about this extraordinary and inexplicable task is most artful in conception and most artistic in execution. He frames a thrilling story of murder and arson, of which crimes an accomplished young lady, named Mary Monson, is the supposed perpetrator, and her imprisonment and trial, and all the collateral circumstances springing out of it, serve to lay bare the whole arcana of legal machinery and all the deformities of the social system of the republic. He does not offer this as an exceptional case; but as the general and almost invariable rule prevailing throughout the whole Union; and a more shocking spectacle it is impossible to contemplate. Had a foreigner, had any one but Cooper written this, it would be scouted as a preposterous libel, the result of a mortified and malignant vanity; but coming from the most eminent and most honored of American citizens, one who incurred all sorts of annoyances in Europe because of his sensitive jealousy of his country's honor in the merest trifles, one knows hardly what to make of so startling a solecism in patriotism. From the first line to the last it is one continuous denunciation of the despotism of the mob in America, and of the servility, and corruption, and cowardice of those who bow down to the Jugger-naut falsely called public opinion. * * *

If we are to credit Cooper, America is a place where it is impossible for any man of independent feeling or self-respect to live, except in the completest obscurity, so omnipotent is the unprincipled press pandering to a tyrannic multitude. Cooper will now be the unanswerable authority for Henley, Drummond, Sibthorp, and the country gentlemen (saying nothing of her Majesty's Ministers) to play off against Bright and Cobden's quotations from Mackay in eulogy of trans-Atlantic political perfectibility. Good night to the ballot and Sir Joshua Walsley's Little Charter in the face of extracts from the *Ways of the Hour* as to what has been the result of all the fine electioneering contrivances among the economically-governed countrymen of Franklin and Washington. And as an exhibition of manners the book will answer a similar purpose to those who are prone to ridicule the observances of etiquette in the States; for practices are described as of every-day occurrence in the middle class far grosser than Mrs. Trollope has mentioned, and compared with which spitting on the floor or carpet may be regarded as the acmé of Belgravian refinement."

The same source supplies an opera sketch of Lady Seymour, the "Queen of Beauty," and her daughter, with a glance at the fortunes of the Sheridan family:—"Lord Seymour's daughter, save that she is a blonde, a good deal more resembles him in features than she does her mother, who, though by no means as blooming as at the Eglinton Tournament, still looks as if she were on the sunny side of thirty, and intended to remain there for half a century to come, if, unlike the rest of her gifted and beautiful race, old age should be her portion. And talking of her race, what a romance, to be sure, is not suggested by looking at her—the Duchess of Somerset that is to be one of these days—sitting in Covent Garden, where her immortal grandfather produced the *Rivals* and the *Duenna*: and then to think of his fate, and of her present position, and that of her sisters, one [Lady Dufferin] the mother of a peer, and the other the wife of a man [Norton] who will be a peer [Lord Grantley] before he is much older! However, our business is not with romance but reality, though the latter in the present case is more poetical than the former under almost any other circumstances. We were talking of the Lady St. Maur, and a fairer subject it would not be easy to fix upon. Though she has got something of the Seymour face, especially the nose (which isn't exactly Phidian), she has the Sheridan eye, that is, the real old Richard Brinsley optic; and we all know what sort of a coal-black burning piercer that was from Sir Joshua Rey-

nolds, who said the pupils of Sheridan's eyes were larger than those of any human being he had ever met with: they retained their beauty to the last, but the lower part of his face exhibited in his latter years the usual effects of intemperance. The Lady St. Maur wears her immense profusion of black hair in the good old-fashioned ringlet style, and in her dress she also eschews the hideous new mode that is springing up. Have any of these abominations yet reached Liverpool? What is the name of the thing is known only to the initiated, and learned indeed must the individual be who should describe it properly. But it may be said with literal truth, that a lady's full evening attire now is for all the world precisely like a bathing dress, as to the cut and size of the garment, though the material, of course, is sumptuous and varied as cash and caprice can warrant. The sleeves are huge bags; the body a series of enormous sacks strung together, and hanging down like the sails of a Dutch skipper that had slipped stays in a clam; and as for the skirts there's stuff enough in one of them to keep half Spitalfields as busy as ants for a week. This is not particularly picturesque, you will say. Neither is it very becoming in other respects; for really it causes the wearer to look as if she were prepared to play the Anatomical Venus at Madame Tussaud's, and to take herself to pieces in a twinkling. If the old plan of females squeezing themselves into the shape and dimensions of elongated hour-glasses was reprehensible in a sanitary sense, this mode of converting themselves into peripatetic clothesbaskets, as if they were each a week's washing on the way from the laundry to the clear-starcher's, is equally objectionable, in the opposite extreme. Hitherto these new-fangled monstrosities have seemingly made small progress in the *beau monde*: and as it is only among the very highest classes they could attempt to be worn at all, there is no great danger of their becoming generally popular, unless in a very mitigated form indeed. At present they suggest the notion of a masquerade in a pantomime, where the clown puts on a domino capacious enough to conceal a mahogany dining table, half a dozen chairs, and a set of fire-irons."

The *London Times*, in a notice of Mrs. Houston's "Hesperos," furnishes a fact and an opinion:—"We are told by Mrs. Houston, though we fancy that we have heard the story before, that a 'stump' orator in one of the western states of the Union once closed his speech with the following striking passage, which beyond a doubt called down thunders of applause from the backwoodsmen assembled round the 'stump':—Americans! The great country—wide—vast—and in the southwest unlimited! Our Republic is yet destined to *reannex* South America, to occupy the Russian possessions, and again to recover those British provinces which the power of the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham—all rightfully ours to *reoccupy*! Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar, whar will be found timber enough for its coffin! Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse—and yet America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe! What is Europe? She's nowhar—nothing—a circumstance—a cipher—a bare absolute idea! We have faster steamboats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill-privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, handsomer *women*, more money than England dar have!"

And for the more genial portion of the comment we have this bit of practical philosophy: "Brother Jonathan made his appearance at the great public school of all nations in the year 1814, corn fed, full of impudence, with a shiny face, and showed his pluck by picking a quarrel with Master John Bull, a much bigger and

stronger boy than himself. Well, after a smart bout, they were separated, and since then have not had another fight. God forbid they ever should! but John has often laughed at him unmercifully, forgetting that if Jonathan be awkward and ungainly, he, John, cuts quite as queer a figure before foreigners on many occasions, when, being a great deal older than Jonathan, he ought to know better. Latterly, we are glad to say, John has behaved himself more like a gentleman, and when he visits Jonathan during the holidays loves to see something to admire as well as something to laugh at; nay, when Jonathan delivers himself of such a rhodomontade as that quoted above, John tries to keep countenance, or at most laughs in his sleeve, saying 'go it again, old fellow'; so that if things progress at their present rate we shall have these two boys, with their arms round one another's necks, 'liquoring' together 'in all imaginable juleps, and calling one another 'old boss,' [instead of trying who can say the bitterest things against the other to 'rile' him and 'raise his dander.'"

Talking of dinners, writes the gossiping correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion*, of the latest London small talk, the Literary Fund Anniversary at the Freemasons', in May, is likely to be minus its advertised president, Talfourd, if the papers keep slashing him as they now do about his criminal administration of criminal law on circuit, though there is certainly an able defence of him in to-day's *Economist*. People now shake their heads, and say there really *must* have been something in the long delay of Talfourd's advancement to the bench or to official station, while nobodies like Jervis were put over his head; that his nervousness, and his social habits, and his constitutional ultra good nature disqualified him for the calm and firm exercise of judicial or any other highly responsible functions; and that, in short, as he was not made a judge of long ago he ought not to have been made one at all—for it is to be remembered that he was ever a Whig, and the personal friend of all official Whigs since the days of the first Reform Bill. Most unfortunate indeed are the said Whigs in the majority of their appointments of late, from Torrington, Ward, and O'Ferral, to the author of *Jon* and the Lord Steward of the Household. Touching the latter functionary, the jokes about the marquis are still being kept up, the last being that her Majesty appointed him because the only dinner he ever gave in his life was to her. However, all these witticisms leave his relations, if not himself, wholly unscathed. The marchioness has again come forth as one of the nine Ladies Patronesses of Almack's; and his brother, the Earl of Wilton (*because* of the jokes, the malicious will say), is holding high revel in his country halls, as if to frown down the libellers of the house of Grosvenor. It has been remarked as a singular coincidence, though there is obviously nothing whatever in it, that the week Westminster becomes Lord Steward there should be advertised some miserable £13 odd as a contribution from the "domestics of her Majesty's Household to the National Exposition of 1851"—the inference being that his lordship has begun to stimulate the loyalty of the subordinate flunkies by the application of certain gentle persuasives well understood in the best regulated families. There is no question that extraordinary efforts are being made on all hands, secretly as well as publicly, to engender something like the enthusiasm necessary to get the thing once fairly under weigh; and many of its best friends are now heartily anathematizing the folly, saying nothing of the injustice, of not having muzzled Brougham, by placing him on the commission, to which his long and inestimable services in the cause of popular elevation and enlightenment should assuredly have entitled him, be his verbal eccentricities of late what they may. Various claimants for the original honor of the idea are starting up; but the truth

seems to be that Mr. H. Cole, better known as Felix Summerly, suggested it to the Prince.—Mr. Wishaw, the telegraph and gutta serena man, having set Cole on fire with the notion in the first instance.

The Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Mail* writes:—"A frightful crime, which never could have happened out of France, and which bespeaks reckless selfishness, morbid feelings, and an utter absence of religion, courage, and morals, has just horrified St. Lo. A rich proprietor, and a *maire* for several years, passionately loved a young girl. The families were, like the parents in *Romeo and Juliet*, at war; and they could not agree. But, after several years of pressing solicitations, he obtained the hand of his mistress. They were married. A grand party celebrated the wedding and the reconciliation. The happy couple retired. At six in the morning a pistol-shot was heard. The husband was found dead in an ante-chamber; the young wife asleep. A letter explained the suicide. It was written evidently before the marriage. He said, in it, that he had reached the highest point of human felicity, and could not descend. He could not bear to live to be less loved, or to love less. 'I die from excess of happiness.' Imagine the awakening of the wife. An act of more deliberate brutality and rascality was never perpetrated by man in the hour of death. I doubt if the annals of crime have anything more revolting in selfishness and cruelty. Another crime, I may say: Mad'le Louise G—, an able pupil of the Conservatoire, was engaged to be married to a young man, by whom she was warmly loved. She had money, and he, poor fellow, had none. The day was fixed. He went into the country to get the necessary papers. The relatives of the lady took advantage of his absence, plotted against him, a *conseil de famille* was called, and her godfather addressed her. He advised her to alter her determination, as her friends could no longer approve her union. No reply. He used every argument he could. No reply. He then, in the name of the family, forbade the union. No reply. Surprise, indignation, and grief had brought on a nervous contraction of the tongue. For twelve hours she could not speak. She recovered her speech at the end of that period; but she was, and is, insane."

The Paris correspondent of the *Glasgow Daily Mail* says—"I have never admired the policy of the President, and have always believed his election injurious to the interests of France! I am still convinced that France made a most fatal choice when it selected Napoleon instead of Cavaignac. But there is a good-nature about Louis Napoleon which makes you respect and admire the man personally. I must tell you an anecdote, which shows remarkable good temper and good sense. On Monday last a gentleman called on a coachmaker near to me, and bargained with him for a handsome carriage. 'What is your least price?' '3,000 francs,' replied the coachmaker. 'That is not dear,' continued the customer. 'Dear, sir,' cried the coachbuilder, 'but for the revolution, and the *nigaud* [stupid fellow] at the head of the Republic, it would be worth 6,000 francs.' 'Monsieur,' said the customer, with a smile, '*je suis ce nigaud* (I am the stupid fellow you speak of), you may send it to the Elysée; my secretary shall have the money ready for you.' Louis Napoleon went away, and the coachbuilder stood, as the farce-writers would say, 'like a stuck pig.'"

That the king never dies, and Lord Brougham never sleeps, are two leading features, says the *London Times*, of English constitutional doctrine. Whenever the time may come, and we sincerely trust it may be far distant, when the noble and learned lord is nominally removed from amongst us, we have little doubt that he will step forward in any capacity, save that of mute, to manage his own obsequies. He will wrangle

with his own executors; throw his own estate into Chancery; review his own biography, which is now lying in Lord Campbell's desk; pronounce his own funeral oration in the House of Peers, and show himself visibly affected for five minutes at his own death; and when we imagine that we have nothing left for it but to reduce our grief within the decent limits of manly fortitude, we shall be presently convinced that our sorrow was premature by receiving the intelligence that the departed worthy has just made his appearance as *primo tenore* at La Scala, or is at the head of a Provisional Government at Thraen.

A bill has been introduced into Parliament for the erection of a National Gallery for Scotland at Edinburgh. The buildings, which are to be on the Mound, are to contain apartments "for other purposes connected with the promotion of the fine arts."

Publishers' Circular.

WE regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Luke P. Platt, of the firm of Bangs, Platt & Co. Mr. Platt was extensively known to the trade throughout the country, and to the book-buyers of the city, from his connexion for many years with the Trade Sales and Book Auctions; and his loss will be felt not only by his family and friends, but by the large class to whom we have alluded, as a man of amiable manners and unblemished character.

Among the announcements of forthcoming books, is the *Life of Dr. Hill*, popularly known as "Yankee Hill," prepared by Dr. NORTHALL of Brooklyn, with the aid and concurrence of the actor's family. From Dr. Northall's talent for ready and pleasant writing, this will, no doubt, form a popular work.

Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS announce for speedy publication, Sidney Smith's "Sketches of Moral Philosophy." 12mo.

LEE & BLANCHARD announce for publication in a few days, a new work on California, entitled, *Six Months in the Gold Mines*, from a Journal of a Three Years' Residence in Upper and Lower California. By E. Gould Buffum. 1 vol. royal 12mo.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia, have in press, and will shortly publish, the *Romance of the Ocean*, a Narrative of a Voyage to California in the Wildfire, illustrated with Stories and Anecdotes, by "Fanny Foley," a passenger, a daughter of an officer in the medical staff, with illustrations; also, *The Gold Sands of Mexico*, a Moral and Religious Tale, by a Lady of Phila. Illustrated. Also, *The Broken Bracelet*, and other poems, by Mrs. Esling, formerly Miss Catharine Waterman, embracing a collection of her best productions. Also, Rev. H. Hastings Wells' *Dictionary of Sacred Quotations*. 1 vol. 12mo. 500 pp.

JOHN W. ORR,
Engraver & Wood,

The Subscriber respectfully informs the public that he still continues the business of

ENGRAVING ON WOOD

at his old place 75 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK, where, with his superior advantages, he is able to execute all orders in his line, however large, with the utmost dispatch, and on reasonable terms. Having the largest establishment of the kind in America, he is enabled to pay particular attention to every branch of his business.

All kinds of BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS carefully attended to.

The Subscriber also takes this opportunity of returning his grateful acknowledgments for the very liberal patronage he has received for the last fourteen years that he has been in the Engraving business, and hopes by close attention, with the superior advantages that he now has, to merit a continuance of the same.

J. W. ORR,

75 Nassau Street, New York.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS

NOW OPEN

AT THE NEW GALLERY, 663 BROADWAY,

Opposite Bond St., from 9 A. M. until 10 P. M.

Admittance, 25 cents. Season Tickets, 50 cents. Catalogue, 12½ cents. a27 6t

Iconographic Encyclopædia

of Science, Literature, and Art,

Systematically arranged by G. HECK, with 500 quarto steel plates by the most distinguished Artists of Germany, the text translated and edited by

SPENCER F. BAIRD, A.M., M.D.

Professor of Natural Sciences in Dickinson College, CARLETON, PA.

PART VII.

Pages 481 to 516 close the Subject of MINERALOGY; pp. open 516 to 560, the Subject of GEOGNOSEY AND GEOLOGY.

The Plates 123—140 close the Subject of ANATOMY AND SURGERY.

The Plates of Natural and Medical Sciences closing with No. 140, Part 7 contains only 18 plates; a later number will make up for this deficiency.

The vast usefulness of this publication to families, schools, and all trades and professions, has been proclaimed by the press of the whole Union. Its illustrations are unanimously pronounced the best in conception and execution of any ever published in similar works, and high encomiums have been passed on the clearness and comprehensiveness of the accompanying text.

The work is published in Twenty-five Monthly Parts. Price \$25 00, or ONE DOLLAR EACH PART, payable on delivery. The subscription is obligatory for Twenty-five Parts.

Just Published

BY RUDOLPH GARRIGUE,
No. 2 Barclay Street, Astor House.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

MESSRS. CHAMBERS AND CHAS. KNIGHT.

CHAS. S. FRANCIS & CO.,

232 BROADWAY,

Import and keep constantly on hand the various publications of Messrs. W. & R. Chambers, of Edinburgh—

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, imported in monthly parts. Price \$2 75 per annum; 25 cents the single part.

CHAMBERS'S MISCELLANY OF USEFUL AND ENTERTAINING TRACTS. In 10 vols. cloth, \$6; or in half calf, \$10.

CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE. A new and improved edition. 2 vols. half calf, \$6.

CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE. A series of volumes of uniform tone and character—from the earliest to the more advanced stages of instruction—various in size and price.

CHAMBERS'S LIBRARY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. A series of small volumes by various authors. 37½ cents.

CHAMBERS'S ATLAS FOR THE PEOPLE—consisting of thirty-four 4to. maps, colored in outline, 83.

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. A series of valuable Tracts—a volume is issued every two months neatly bound in fancy boards. 50 cts. per vol.

MAPS OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION of Useful Knowledge. Complete. 2 vols. 4to. half Russia.

Likewise the various Maps supplied separately KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUMES. A Series of 150 vols. uniform in size and price.

THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, complete, with Supplements. 16 vols. half Russia.

THE NATIONAL CYCLOPEDIA OF USEFUL Knowledge. To be completed in twelve volumes.

THE CABINET HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By Chas. Macfarlane, Esq. 9 vols. half calf.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

C. S. F. & CO. HAVE IN PRESS

THE POEMS OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWN-ING. A New Edition, complete in 2 vols.

WONDERFUL TALES FROM DENMARK. By Hans Christian Andersen

HOW TO WIN LOVE; or, Rhoda's Lesson.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER, and other Tales. By Mrs. S. C. Hall.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S EARLY LESSONS. A new and improved edition. my 18 1f

Cottage Sites and Village Lots, AT DEARMAN, ON THE HUDSON RIVER.

MESSRS. COLE & CHILTON,

AUCTIONEERS,

No. 9 Wall Street,

Offer at Private Sale, at Low Prices, the balance unsold at the recent AUCTION OF COTTAGE SITES AND VILLAGE LOTS on the Hudson, at DEARMAN, in Westchester County. The premises are situated between the Albany Post Road and the River at Dearman, in the town of Greenburgh. The distance from the City by the Hudson River trains, is three quarters of an hour; and all the property is *within five minutes' walk of the Station*. The fare is the same as to Dobbs's Ferry, and may be commuted quarterly or by the year, at rates varying from 16 to 23 cents, according to the number of tickets taken. A part of the property fronting the water will be sold in village lots, of 50 feet by 100 feet, and in plots on the upland to suit the purchasers. The premises are laid out, planted, and improved. The views are commanding and beautiful, and the position perfectly healthy. The Ferry with Piermont, under the management of the Piermont and Dearman Ferry Company, which was incorporated at the recent session of the Legislature, with a capital of Eighty thousand dollars, affords constant communication between this point and the opposite shore, and connects the Hudson River and Erie Railroads. A wide avenue leads from the Post Road to the River, as shown upon the map, gently sloped, well graded, and lined with a double row of trees. The neighborhood is most excellent, including in the immediate vicinity the country seats of Messrs. WASHINGTON IRVING, ANDREW C. KINGSLAND, MOSES H. GRINNELL, GEN PAULDING, MRS. COLFORD JONES, MESSRS. HENRY SKELDON, JAMES A. HAMILTON, and GEORGE SCHUYLER, besides the residences of many gentlemen belonging to West Chester County.

Only Ten per cent of the purchase money will be required in cash from purchasers who intend to build immediately, the whole of the balance being allowed to remain on Bond and Mortgage. In the case of purchasers not building, sixty per cent may so remain.

For further particulars, application may be made at the Station House, on the premises, at No. 5 Broad street, to G. A. SACCHI; or at the Auctioneer's Office, No. 9 Wall street, where maps of the premises can be had, and a marked map showing the plots already sold, and the prices of those remaining.

ALL THE TRAINS of the Hudson River Railroad (the through as well as the way trains) stop at Dearman, leaving Chambers street at 7 o'clock, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ A.M., and at 3.45, and 6 o'clock, P.M., and leaving Dearman, on their return, at 7 o'clock 25 minutes, and 9 o'clock 24 minutes, A.M., and 1 o'clock 29 minutes, 5 o'clock 29 minutes, and 10 o'clock 22 minutes, P.M. It is understood that an additional Train each way will soon be added in the summer arrangements of the Company.

The Hudson River Railroad Company are now laying a double track between this point and City, and are making large improvements at Dearman Station, which, as the point of Union of the great Northern and Western routes, possesses peculiar and important advantages over the adjoining villages. A Branch Railroad is in contemplation from Dearman to Port Chester, or William's Bridge, to connect the Erie and New Haven Routes; and application is about being made for a Post Office at this Station.

NOW READY.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW for April.

LONDON QUARTERLY for April.

EDINBURGH REVIEW for April.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE for May.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

my18 79 Fulton st., N. York.

A VALUABLE WORK FOR DRUGGISTS, MANUFACTURERS, ETC. THE DRUGGIST'S GENERAL RECEIPT BOOK.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON

PUBLISHERS

Druggist's General Receipt Book,

Containing numerous Receipts for Patent and Proprietary Medicines, Druggists' Nostrums, &c.; fictitious Mineral Waters, and Powders for Preparing them; with a Veterinary Formulary, and a Table of Veterinary Materia Medica; also Recipes for Perfumery and Cosmetics; Beverages, Dietetic articles, and Condiments; Trade Chemicals, Miscellaneous Compounds used in the Arts, Domestic Economy, &c., with useful Tables and Memoranda. By HENRY BRASLEY.

NOTICES OF THE WORK.

"To the country druggist and storekeeper it will prove particularly valuable. In the division of *Trade Chemicals* are contained those compounds which are employed for other purposes than those of medicine, among which we have found much that will prove useful to the practical manipulator in almost every department of art, inasmuch as it supplies him with information whereby much expense may be saved in the preparation of his materials."

—*Medical Examiner*.

"This work has been prepared by one whose previous publications give evidence of his ability to do so. The work must be very useful to practical chemists and druggists, and may not be without its advantages in private families, living remote from medical aid, or where the ordinary articles of medicine in use in families may not be always accessible. The work is handsomely printed and well bound, and from the extensive range it takes, must find large numbers who will have constant use for it."

—*Balt. Patriot*.

"Druggists will find this an invaluable manual, and many others engaged in every occupation will find it a convenient and valuable guide in the preparation of various articles for the sick room, the toilet, or the table. It is a most thorough and carefully prepared work."

—*Evening Bulletin*.

"An indispensable manual to many of the traders, manufacturers, and dealers generally, containing the receipts for a great variety of articles, and of course to test their adulteration. The veterinary department is full; the chapters on patent medicines, distilled preparations, and trade chemicals, contain much information, not only for special use, but for profitable consideration by the community at large."

—*Literary World*.

LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, PUBLISHERS,

N. W. corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia.

my18tf

G. & B. WESTERMANN, BROTHERS, 200 Broadway, New York,

Have just Published

A NEW AND COMPLETE

AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE English and German Languages.

With the Pronunciation and Accentuation according to the method of Webster and Heinsius. Containing a Concise Grammar of both Languages, Dialogues with Reference to Grammatical Forms, Rules of Pronunciation, &c., &c.

By W. M. ODELL ELWELL.

Two Parts bound in one vol. cloth, \$1 50.

"Having examined with some care the New Dictionary of Mr. Elwell, I bear with great pleasure testimony to the merits of the work. Considering the size of the book, it is certainly the most complete English-German Dictionary. Very few, if any, important words are omitted, and the definitions give the principal significations of each word in a concise and intelligible manner. The print, though small, is very clear and distinct, and the proofs seem to have been read with great care. If to these merits be added the lowness of the price, it must be acknowledged that, by publishing this work, great service has been done to those who, with limited means, wish to learn either the English or German Language, or who have to use them."

CHARLES BECK,

Cambridge Farmer, 1850. Professor Harvard University.

"This work is in two parts: English-German and German-English. The chief excellence is its remarkable adaptation to the wants of the general Student. Brief, without being deficient, either in the number of its words or in the clearness of its definitions, it is really such a book as one most needs, who proposes to himself to acquire in a limited time a knowledge of the German through the English or of the English through the German. The mechanical execution of the work is in a good keeping with the library; and he surely must be regarded as a very fastidious critic, who does not accord both to the author and to the publishers a very liberal share of commendation."

—*Teachers' Advocate*.

New York, 24 January, 1850.

my18 11

SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER. JOHN R. THOMPSON,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Five Dollars per annum.

The May Number contains—

ORIGINAL PROSE ARTICLES.

1. A Glance at the Streets of Paris during the Winter of 1849-50. By an American.
2. Readings from Lord Bacon. No. 2.
3. Our Landscape Painters. By Charles Lanman.
4. The Seldens of Sherwood. Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX.
5. From our Paris Correspondent.
6. John C. Calhoun.
7. Origin and History of the High Court of Chancery. Dedicated to the Hon. N. Beverly Tucker.
8. Letter from New York.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

9. The Soldier Scholar. By S. L. C.
10. Hither bring thy Magic Pencil. Translated from the Greek of Anacreon. By Margaret Junkin, of Lexington, Va.
11. Spring Fancies. By Mrs. E. J. Eames.
12. The Past. A Fragment.
13. Sonnet. For an Album.
14. Evening Hymn. By Alton.
15. The Transplanted Tree. By the Hon. Benjamin F. Porter.
16. Sonnet of Moxton.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Ireland as I Saw It. The Women of the American Revolution. Vol. III. Money-penny; or, the Heart of the World. Anne Bolcyn: a Tragedy. Father Abbot; or, the Tourist. Elements of Natural Philosophy. Representative Men. Companion to Ollendorf's New Method of Learning French.

For sale by

DEWITT & DAVENPORT,

m18 Tribune Buildings.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY,

No. CLVIII. FOR MARCH, 1850.

Edited by Rev. George Putnam, D. D., and Rev. George E. Ellis.

CONTENTS:

- ART I. The Geographical Distribution of Animals, by Prof. Louis Agassiz, Harvard University.
- II. American Art and Art-Unions, by Rev. R. C. Waterson, Boston.
- III. Poetry, by Rev. C. T. Brooks, Newport, R. I.
- IV. Brownson's Arguments for the Roman Church, by Rev. J. F. Clarke, Boston.
- V. Dana's Poems and Prose Writings, by E. P. Whipple, Esq., Boston.
- VI. The Middle Classes, by S. H. Perkins, Esq., Brookline.
- VII. Memoirs and Writings of David Hale, by Rev. A. P. Peabody, Portsmouth, N. H.
- VIII. Grote's History of Greece, by Prof. C. C. Felton, Harvard University.
- IX. The Doctrine of the Resurrection, by Rev. E. B. Hall, D.D., Providence, R. I.
- X. Emerson's Representative Men, by Rev. C. A. Bartol, Boston.
- XI. Notices of Recent Publications.
- XII. Religious and Literary Intelligence.

CROSBY & NICHOLS,

PUBLISHERS,

m16 11 No. 111 Washington street, Boston.

A. S. BARNES & CO.,

Publishers and Booksellers,

51 John street, New York,

Will Publish shortly:

I.

THREE YEARS IN CALIFORNIA. By Rev. Walter Colton, U.S.N., late Alcalde of Monterey and Author of Deck and Port, &c.

This work will contain several spirited illustrations of the Gold Digging scenes—also Steel Portraits of several of the most distinguished Californians, among which the renowned Capt. Luther is one.

II.

PROF. DAVIES'S NEW WORK ON MATHEMATICAL Instruction, entitled, The Logic and Utility of Mathematics; or, an Analysis of the Principles of the Science, of the nature of the Reasoning, and of the best Methods of imparting Instruction. By Charles Davies, LL.D.

III.

A COLLEGE TREATISE ON NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. 8vo By W. H. C. Bartlett, Prof. of Nat. Philos. at the U. States Military Academy, West Point.

IV.

E. D. MANSFIELD'S WORK ON AMERICAN EDUCATION. 1 vol. 12mo.

my18 11

Twenty-Second
BOSTON TRADE SALE
 OF
BOOKS, STATIONERY, STEREOTYPE PLATES,
 Book-Binding Stock, Paper, &c., &c.

THE NEXT
BOSTON TRADE SALE OF BOOKS
 WILL BE COMMENCED

On **TUESDAY MORNING, June 18th, 1850, at 9 o'clock,**
 AND CONTINUE EACH DAY UNTIL THE CATALOGUE IS SOLD.

~~~~~  
**THE SALE OF**  
**STATIONERY, PAPERS, BINDERS' LEATHER, CLOTH,**  
 &c., &c., &c.,

~~~~~  
 WILL BE COMMENCED
 On **MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 17th, 1850.**
 Commencing at 9 o'clock.

The above Regular Sale will comprise the largest and most extensive Catalogue of Books, Stationery, &c., ever offered at any Trade Sale heretofore held in this city, and will embrace Invoices from all the principal Publishing Houses in the United States. Also several Invoices of London Books.

~~~~~  
**TERMS OF SALE.**

On all purchases to the amount of Three hundred dollars, out of one invoice, the credit to be six months.  
 On all purchases to the amount of One hundred dollars, out of one invoice, the credit to be four months.  
 Smaller amounts to be paid in cash.

Approved endorsed notes, to be dated on the first day of sale, satisfactory to the sellers, will be required, and bills must be settled before the delivery of the goods, and within fifteen days after the sale; and all bills not settled within twenty days, to be subject to an addition of one per cent.; and interest, insurance, and storage, to be charged until settled for; and all goods not settled for within thirty days, to be re-sold on account of the purchaser, or returned to the contributors. Goods to be delivered to purchasers within thirty days from last day of sale.

Any imperfections required by the purchasers are to be applied for to the contributors, within four months of day of sale.

JAMES BROWN,  
 BENJ. B. MUSSEY,  
 OSMYN BREWSTER, } Committee.  
 W. D. TICKNOR,  
 CHARLES SAMPSON.

**BUCKLEY & BANCROFT,**

AUCTIONEERS,

myll 1f

Corner of Beach and Lincoln Streets, Boston.

~~~~~  
SPRING SALE

OF
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BOOKS,

IN QUANTITIES.

TUESDAY, MAY TWENTY-FIRST,

AND FOLLOWING EVENINGS.

~~~~~  
 The Undersigned will sell, as above, an extensive Catalogue of ENGLISH BOOKS, consigned expressly for this Sale, and now landing, embracing a choice collection of

**STANDARD ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.**

Also many large Consignments of popular AMERICAN BOOKS,

INCLUDING

Standard Works, School and Medical Books; also Stationery, &c., &c.

The Catalogue will be issued one week before the Sale.

**BANGS, PLATT & CO.,**

904 BROADWAY.

myll 2f

**BAKER & SCRIBNER**

HAVE JUST PUBLISHED:

I.  
**TALBOT AND VERNON. A NOVEL.**  
 1 vol. 12mo., cloth and paper.

This is a work of great power. Its leading purpose is to illustrate the strength of circumstantial evidence. The plot is constructed with great skill, crowded with striking incidents, and keeps the curiosity awake throughout. It evinces an intimate knowledge of the human heart, a taste for the beautiful both in nature and art, and descriptive powers of the highest order. The scene is laid both in this country and Mexico, and the characters pass through the most interesting scenes in the late war.

II.  
**ALLSTON'S NEW WORK.**  
**LECTURES ON ART, AND POEMS.**  
 By WASHINGTON ALLSTON.  
 Edited by Richard H. Dana, Jr.  
 1 vol. 12mo.

"These are the records of one of the purest spirits and most exalted geniuses of which this country can boast. The intense love of the beautiful, the purity, grace, and gentleness which made him incomparably the finest artist of the age, lend their charm and their power to those productions."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

III.  
**MRS. ELLET'S THIRD VOLUME OF THE**  
**WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.**

1 vol. 12mo.  
 "It consists of almost entirely new matter, gathered with great diligence and good fortune too, from the most obscure sources, and is presented in an engaging style. We think Mrs. Ellet has accomplished in these three volumes a very useful work in an able manner."—*N. York Evangelist.*

IV.  
**WOMAN'S WHIMS;**  
**OR, THE FEMALE BAROMETER.**  
 By the author of *Picciola*. 1 vol. 12mo. price 37½ cents.

V.  
**THE ELLIOTT FAMILY;**  
**OR, THE WRONGS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.**  
 1 vol., price 50 cents.

VI.  
**CHEAP EDITION OF**  
**SACRED SCENES AND CHARACTERS.**  
 By J. T. HEADLEY.  
 1 vol. 12mo., with 12 Illustrations by Darley. Uniform with "Sacred Mountains."

"These sketches are among the best he has written."—*The Presbyterian.*

VII.  
**SKETCHES AND RAMBLES.**  
 By J. T. HEADLEY.  
 1 vol. 12mo.

"Mr. H. perceives vividly, and describes accurately and powerfully. A more agreeable traveller, since Goldsmith, never told his tale."—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

VIII.  
**MISCELLANIES.**  
 By J. T. HEADLEY.  
 Authorized edition. 1 vol. 12mo., price \$1.

"Written with the peculiar boldness of expression, and often displaying the power of vivid dramatic painting, in which the author has no reason to fear a rival."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

IX.  
**THE QUEENS OF SPAIN.**

By MRS. GEORGE.  
 1st vol. 12mo., with Portrait.  
 "It ranges through a long and dark period of history, and is full of the thrilling and startling details which keep the imagination and curiosity wide awake. It is highly commended by Prescott the historian, and that of itself will secure to it a wide circulation."—*Alb. Argus.*

~~~~~  
 Will Publish next week.
THE PSALMS, Translated and Explained. By J. A. Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, N.J. 1st vol.

IN PRESS.
THE LILY AND THE TOTEM; or, The Huguenots in Florida. 1 vol. 12mo. By Gilmore Simms.

A DOMESTIC HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION. In one vol.—a book for schools.

AN ELEGANT ILLUSTRATED EDITION of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Edited by Rev. James Robert Boyd. With copious Notes explanatory and critical, embracing all that is excellent in the critical paper of Addison and in the notes contained in the London editions of Newton, Todd, Brydges, and Stebbing, together with much original matter. With Martin's celebrated Illustrations. myll 3f

Uniform with "THE STANDARD DRAMA," Published by WILLIAM TAYLOR & Co.

Will be Published on SATURDAY, June 1st, the First Number, price 6 cents, of

THE PROMPTER:

A COMPANION TO PLACES OF AMUSEMENT, AN ENTERTAINING MISCELLANY,
AND WEEKLY RECORD

Of Dramatic Literature, the Theatres, Concerts, Operas, and a Permanent Miscellany of Biography, Criticism,
Anecdote, and Adventure, relating to Music and the Stage, combined with the
News and Pleasantries of the Week.

EDITED BY CORNELIUS MATHEWS,

Author of "Witchcraft," "Jacob Leisler," "Money-penny," &c., &c.

W. TAYLOR & CO., PUBLISHERS,

141 Nassau street, New York.

* Each number of "THE PROMPTER" will contain a carefully-prepared Guide for Strangers to Places of Amusement open in New York. Orders and Advertisements may be sent through the General Agents of the "Standard Drama," who are also agents for The Prompter.

NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVE JUST PUBLISHED

A CATALOGUE, WITH PRICES,

OF THEIR STOCK OF

French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese Books,

Which will be furnished gratuitously to those who may desire it.

LETTERS TO BE POST-PAID.

ROE LOCKWOOD & SON,

American and Foreign Booksellers,

mylltf

411 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Frank Forester's New Volume on Sporting.

About the 1st of June, STRINGER & TOWNSEND will Publish

A SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

OF

FISH AND FISHING;

ACCOMPANIED BY A BEAUTIFULLY ENGRAVED PLATE OF COLORED FLIES.

By H. W. HERBERT, Esq.,

Author of "Field Sports," and "Fish and Fishing of the United States and British Provinces," &c.

The author's recent lengthened sojourn in the regions of Lakes Superior and Huron, has enabled him, in this supplementary volume, to furnish a large amount of information, very valuable, and entirely new. The work will be divided into Two Parts, under the respective heads of—

I. THE GAME FISHES OF AMERICA.

II. THE FISHING OF NORTH AMERICA.

Together with Practical Hints for the Use of the Tyro as for the Practised Angler; Instructions in the Art of Making Flies, and many other Subjects, deeply interesting to all pursuing the Craft, either as a Science or a Pleasure.

STRINGER & TOWNSEND,

222 BROADWAY.

m4tf

LITERARY WORLD FOR 1850.

The Literary World is the only Journal of its class in this country. It is a full record of contemporary Literature—a comprehensive Belles-Lettres Journal for every one who would keep pace with the productions of the times.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square (nine lines),	\$ 50
One Square (eighteen lines),	1 00
Thirty lines,	1 50
Half Column,	2 75
One Column,	5 00
One Page,	12 50

YEARLY TERMS.

One Square,	\$40 00
Thirty lines,	60 00
One Column,	200 00

ENGRAVING.

THE Subscriber would inform Authors, Publishers, and Printers, that he still continues to carry on the business of ENGRAVING ON WOOD, in all its branches. His facilities are such that he is enabled to execute all orders promptly, and in every style of the Art, upon the most reasonable terms; while the experience of many years enables him to feel perfect confidence in his efforts to give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their patronage. N. ORR, No. 70 Nassau street, 3d floor, New York.

ROBERT CRAIGHEAD,
PRINTER
112 FULTON STREET, N.Y.

At Private Sale.

BANGS, PLATT & Co.,

204 Broadway, New York,

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL SUPPLY OF

Bohn's Popular Libraries,

VIZ.

STANDARD LIBRARY.—Consisting of 61 vols. of the most popular authors.

SCIENTIFIC LIBRARY, 8 vols.—Embracing Humboldt's Cosmos and Views of Nature, and the New Handbook of Games; together with Chess Player's Companion, and Handbook by Staunton.

ANTIQUARIAN LIBRARY, 12 vols.; including Brande's Popular Antiquities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, Roger of Wendover's Flowers of History, &c., &c.

CLASSICAL LIBRARY.—Embracing the best Translations of Herodotus, Thucydides, Plato, Livy, Sophocles, Æschylus, Aristotle, and Euripides, &c.

ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY.—Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, to be completed in 8 vols. with 30 portraits in each. The first five volumes are now ready.

Full lists, embracing particulars, may be had at the Store.

Popular American Publications.

LARDNER'S POPULAR LECTURES ON Science and Art. 2 vols. 8vo. 380 engravings.

EWBANK'S HYDRAULICS AND MECHANICS. 1 vol. 8vo. Engravings.

ZION SONGSTER. 24mo.

BOOK OF THE FEET. Four Colored Engravings. 12mo.

PETZOLDT'S AGRICULTURAL LECTURES, and Thae's Principles of Agriculture. In one vol. 8vo.

GUENON'S TREATISE ON MILCH COWS. New edition, paper cover.

THE SAME, cloth.

GERMAN PHRASE BOOK. 18mo. paper.

BENNET'S DOUBLE ENTRY BOOK-KEEPING. new edition, greatly enlarged, with 60 pages additional matter, well bound, full cloth.

THE FARMER'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA, AND Dictionary of Rural Affairs. By Cuthbert W. Johnson. Adapted to the United States by Gouverneur Emerson. Illustrated by Seventeen beautiful Engravings, besides numerous Engravings on Wood. 1 vol. royal 8vo., sheep.

Orders solicited.

mylltf

New Hymn Book for Schools.

MARK H. NEWMAN & Co.

Have in Press

And will publish immediately, a neat and beautiful vol.

ENTITLED

HYMNS FOR SCHOOLS.

With an appropriate Selection of Tunes.

COMPILED BY

C. D. CLEVELAND,

Author of the Compendium of English Literature.

The attention of Teachers in Schools, Academies, and Female Seminaries, is invited to this book.

The compiler in his Preface says; "As an introduction to the duties of the day, nothing can be more chastening to the feelings, more animating to the spirits, more incentive to the faithful and conscientious discharge of duty, than singing an appropriate sacred song, replete with sentiments of piety, benevolence, and practical righteousness, impressing upon the heart, in the higher language of poetry, our duties to God, to each other, and to ourselves. Should this book, therefore, be the means of introducing singing into only one school where it has hitherto been neglected, I shall not have made it in vain.

"C. D. CLEVELAND."

MARK H. NEWMAN & Co.

199 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

myll 3t

VALUABLE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW WORKS

RECENTLY PUBLISHED BY

GEORGE P. PUTNAM, NEW YORK.

I. Bayard Taylor's New Work on California.

The Second Edition. In 2 volumes, with colored illustrations.

"It is written with great spirit, and is exceedingly interesting and instructive."—*Courier*.

"A reliable book, by an eye-witness and resident. His impressions of California are those of one who went to see and write, and who sought to do both faithfully: he has accordingly made not only a pleasant book, but a faithful picture of what was to be seen."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

II. Bryant's New Work—Letters of a Traveller.

One volume 12mo., cloth, \$1 25.

"His prose is as good as his poetry: in clearness, simplicity, and unstudied, tasteful elegance, he has no superior among living writers."—*Courier and Enquirer*.

"Full of lively and picturesque sketches, acute observation of life and manners, nice discrimination of national peculiarities. These notes of travel possess peculiar interest, as showing the means by which the poet replenishes his treasure-house of imagery, while the man of action gathers materials for effectual and high-toned dealing with affairs."—*Christian Inquirer*.

III. Literature of the Slavic Nations.

Edited by Prof. E. Robinson. One volume 12mo. cloth, \$1 25.

"It bears the clear impress of thoroughness and ability on every page. We commend the book as a valuable addition to the sum of knowledge accessible to English readers."—*Recorder*.

"The work fully sustains the guarantee of its learned editor."—*Literary World*.

IV. Cooper's New Novel—Ways of the Hour.

Second Edition. One volume, 12mo. cloth, \$1 25.

"The work should be read by all; it is one of the most keen and pungent commentaries upon the follies of the times which has ever been published in this country."—*Mirror*.

V. The Unity of the Human Races,—

Proved to be the doctrine of Scripture, Reason, and Science, with a Review of the present Position and Theory of Prof. Agassiz.

By Rev. Thomas Smith, D.D., of Charleston. 1 vol. 12mo. cloth, \$1 25.

This work is designed to give a comprehensive view of the whole question, including its literature up to the present time. It is the fruit of many years' observation and study, and in its preparation the opinions of the most eminent writers on this deeply interesting subject, have been collected and reviewed.

VI. Dickens's David Copperfield,

With the Illustrations Vol. 1, cloth, \$1 25.

"Dickens, in his 'David Copperfield,' is nobly maintaining and exalting his reputation; he has done nothing better than this. Pure in word and thought, and stern in its morality, its humanity is its noblest and most essential characteristic."—*Tribune*.

VII. Dickens's Household Words, No. VI. Six cts.

Complete Sets of the preceding numbers may also be had.

"It will become universally popular as a 'household' book on both sides of the Atlantic, if the succeeding numbers fulfil the promise made in these."—*Com. Adv.*

VIII. Prior's Edition of Goldsmith's Complete Works.

Four Volumes, with Vignettes, cloth, gilt, \$5 00.

"This work is printed in an exceedingly tasteful and elegant style: we hope it will find thousands of readers, for no one can read Goldsmith without being made wiser and better in feeling and in purpose thereby."—*Courier*.

"This is the only complete edition of Goldsmith: many hundred new pages are here incorporated, and for the first time presented to the American public."—*Literary World*.

IX. Col. Pragay's Hungarian War.

One Volume, 12mo. with Portrait of Kossuth, and Map, cloth, 75 cents.

"These sketches of the leading statesmen and generals who took part in the struggle are very interesting, letting us into the appearance and habits of men whom every American must desire to know something about."—*Commercial Adv.*

X. G. P. Putnam's Book-Buyer's Manual.

A general Catalogue of Standard Works in every department of Literature, Science, and Art, in the English, French, German, &c. with a Classified Index, showing at a glance the various works on each Subject.

Price 25 cents, paper cover, or half bound, 75 cents.

Shortly will be Published by G. P. Putnam.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE POLK ADMINISTRATION.

By Hon. Lucius B. Chase. 1 vol. 8vo.

II. SLEEP, PSYCHOLOGICALLY CONSIDERED.

with reference to Sensation and Memory. By Blanchard Fosgate, M.D.

III. PROF. GRAY'S BOTANICAL TEXT-BOOK.

New edition, thoroughly revised.

IV. EUROPE; PAST AND PRESENT: A

Comprehensive Manual of Reference. By F. H. Ungewitter, LL.D.

V. A SYSTEM OF MINERALOGY.

By J. D. Dana. Third edition, revised and greatly augmented.

VI. THE WORLD'S PROGRESS: A Dictionary

of Dates; or, a Record of Remarkable Occurrences, Political, Literary, and Scientific in the Annals of all Nations. In two Divisions. By George P. Putnam. New edition, revised and enlarged, 1 vol. 8vo.

VII. RURAL HOURS: a Diary in the Country.

SATURDAY, April 20th.

TICKNOR, REED & FIELDS, BOSTON,

Have just Published,

THE FIRST COMPLETE UNIFORM EDITION OF

LONGFELLOW'S POETICAL WORKS.

In Two volumes 16mo., uniform with Tennyson & Browning.

This edition will contain all the contents of the 6 volumes of Poems heretofore published, and will be the only one in the market that will embrace everything Mr. Longfellow has written.

PRICES—BOARDS	
CLOTH	\$2 00
CLOTH GILT	2 25
CLOTH GILT EXTRA	3 00
	3 50

Orders from the Trade will receive early attention.

m4 3t

NEW BOOKS JUST ISSUED

BY
A. HART (LATE CAREY & HART),
PHILADELPHIA.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOUSE OF ORLEANS, including Sketches and Anecdotes of the most distinguished characters in France during the 17th and 18th Centuries. By W. Cooke Taylor, Esq. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 750 pages, cloth extra, price \$2 50.

MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France, by Madame Campan, First Lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. In 2 vols. post 8vo. 650 pages, cloth extra, price \$2.

THIERS'S NAPOLEON, and the Empire of Europe, No. 10, price 12½ cts., or fine edition, with a Portrait of Marshal Mortier, 25 cts.

LINDA; OR, THE YOUNG PILOT OF THE BELLE CREOLE, a Tale of Southern Life, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. 12mo. 276 pages. Colored covers, 50 cts.; or fine edition, cloth gilt, 75 cts.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF ANDREW COMBE, M.D. By his Brother, George Combe. 1 vol. post 8vo. cloth gilt, \$1 25.

CLARA; OR, THE DISCIPLINE OF AFFLICTION. Translated from the French of Madame Guizot, by a Lady, with a Preface by * Peter Schlemihl in America." Cloth gilt, 50 cts.

TALES FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS, as related by a Mother for the use of her Children, with 40 engravings. cloth gilt, 50 cts.

THE CREOLE; OR, SIEGE OF NEW ORLEANS. A Romance of the Events of 1814-15. By Joseph B. Cobb, Esq. Price 25 cts.

NEW BOOKS IN PRESS.

1. **THE PHANTOM WORLD**; or, Narrative of Apparitions and Ghosts, &c. Reappearance of a Man who had been dead some months—Dead persons who suck the blood of the Living—Spirits that keep watch over Treasures—Marks left by Apparitions, &c. 2. **MAURICE TIERNAY**, The Soldier of Fortune, No. 1 (now ready), to be continued in monthly Nos. 3. **THE INITIALS**, a Story of Modern Life. 1 vol. 4. **NUREMBERG**, and Rambles in the Hills and Valleys of Franconia. By H. J. Whitley, Esq., author of "Heidelberg." 5. **REVELATIONS OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND**, by Colmar. 1 vol. 12mo. 6. A New Correspondence between **HORACE WALPOLE** and **MASON THE POET**. 7. Unpublished Letters of the **POET GRAY**. 8. **NELL GWYNNE**; or, the Court of the Stuarts. A Novel. Complete in one vol. 9. **MEMOIRS OF ANNE BOLEYN**, Queen of Henry VIII., by Miss Renger, &c., &c. my11 tf

CROSBY & NICHOLS'S

New Publications.

KING RENE'S DAUGHTER.

A Danish Lyrical Drama.

By HENRIK HERTZ.

16mo. Price 37½ cts.; paper, 25 cts.

"Nothing can be more pleasing than the translation before us, of this exquisite drama."—*Boston Daily Advertiser*.

GLEANINGS FROM THE POETS.

FOR HOME AND SCHOOL.

Selected by the Author of "Elements of Astronomy," "Theory of Teaching," &c., &c.

A new edition, enlarged. 12mo. \$1.

"The lovers of good poetry will be pleased that this book is again to be had. It is a gem that should be owned and read by all."—*Evening Traveller*.

DOMESTIC WORSHIP.

By REV. WILLIAM H. FURNESS, D.D.

Cheap edition, 12mo. Price 50 cts.

"A work of great and peculiar excellence."—*Christian Examiner*.

LAYS FOR THE SABBATH.

A Collection of Religious Poetry compiled by EMILY TAYLOR.

Revised, with Additions, by JOHN FIERPONT. Cheap edition. 16mo.

"The pieces all breathe a pure and elevated spirit, and here and there is an exquisite effusion of genius, which answers to the holiest wants of the soul."—*Christian Examiner*.

No. 111 Washington Street, Boston.

al3 tf

Littell's Living Age.—No. 314, 12½ Cts.

CONTENTS.

1. Eastern Europe. *British Quarterly Review*.
 2. Thompson's Irish Birds. *Spectator*.
 3. Trial and Punishment in California. *Journal of Commerce*.
 4. Anecdote of the Federal Convention. *For the Living Age*.
 5. Life and Trials of the Duke of Kent. *Spectator*.
 6. Lingard's History of England. *Examiner*.
 7. Story of a Family, concluded. *Sharpe's Magazine*.
 8. Thomas Carlyle and John Howard. *Fraser's Mag.*
 9. Letters from Jamaica, No. VIII., *N. Y. Evening Post*.
 10. Cuba, and the Cubans. *Tribune*.
 11. Slavery and the Tariff—The Erfurt Parliament—and General News.—*Spectator and Examiner*.
- With Poetry, and several Short Articles.
- Published weekly at Six Dollars a year by E. LITTELL & Co., Boston, and sold by DEWITT & DAVENPORT, Tribune Buildings, New York. my18 tt

Great Agricultural Work!

THE FARMER'S GUIDE

TO

SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE.

By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S.E.,

Author of the "Book of the Farm," Editor of the "Quarterly Journal of Agriculture," &c., &c.,

Assisted by

JOHN P. NORTON, M.A.,

Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven, Author of Agricultural Prize Essays, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of ploughing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short, the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of agriculture.

This great work is the joint production of two of the most talented agricultural scholars of the day; the one eminent as an author and editor in Great Britain, and the other as a Professor in Yale College. Both are eminently practical as well as scientific men, and all they say may be relied on as the result of profound research, tested and sustained by practical experiment. The contributions of Professor Norton are chiefly designed to adapt the British portion of the book to this country, and thus to make it an Anglo-American work, giving to its readers all the really useful agricultural knowledge at present attainable in either country.

The work is divided into four departments, distinguished by the four seasons of the year, commencing with Winter, and Prof. Norton's notes will be published as an appendix to each part. The first chapter treats of the following subjects, under the head of

INITIATION.

- On the best of the existing Methods for acquiring a thorough knowledge of Practical Husbandry.
- On the Difficulties to be encountered in learning Practical Husbandry, and on the Means of overcoming them.
- On the Different kinds of Farming.
- On the Persons required to Conduct and Execute the Labor of the Farm.
- On the Branches of Science most applicable to Agriculture.
- On the Institutions of Education best suited to Agricultural Science.
- On the Evils attending the neglect of Landowners and others to learn practical Agriculture.
- On observing the details and recording the facts of Farming by the Agricultural Student.

Terms of the Work.—The American edition, the first number of which is already issued, will be published in semi-monthly numbers of 64 pages, with an English steel engraving in each number, of which there will be about 22 in all. Price 25 CENTS PER NUMBER, OR \$5 IN ADVANCE FOR THE 22 NUMBERS.

Clubbing.

Three Copies will be sent to one address for \$12: Four Copies for \$15; Five Copies for \$18. Cash in all such cases to be remitted direct to the Publishers, and not through Agents.

The work can be sent in Numbers at periodical rates of postage, and mail remittances may be made at the risk of the Publishers.

Agents Wanted.

Liberal commissions will be allowed to good canvassing Agents. Booksellers and Periodical Dealers will be supplied on liberal terms.

All orders and communications should be addressed, post paid, to

LEONARD SCOTT & Co.,

PUBLISHERS,

79 Fulton Street, Entrance 54 Gold Street, New York.

as30 tf

LEA & BLANCHARD, PHILADELPHIA,

Have recently Issued

THE PHYSICAL ATLAS OF NATURAL PHENOMENA, for the use of Colleges, Academies, and Families. By Alexander Keith Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.G.S., &c. In one large imperial octavo vol. half bound in Turkey mor., with 26 colored plates, and 112 pages of letterpress, together with a very copious Index.

WOMAN IN FRANCE during the Eighteenth Century. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Madeleine, a Tale of Auvergne," &c. In one very neat royal 12mo. volume, extra cloth.

Cheap Edition of **LYNCH'S NARRATIVE** of the U. S. Expedition to the River Jordan and Dead Sea. In one royal 12mo. vol. extra cloth, with a Map.

Same work in one large and beautiful octavo volume, extra cloth, with numerous plates and maps.

MEMOIRS OF A HUNGARIAN LADY. By Theresa Pulszky. With an Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. In one volume, royal 12mo. extra cloth.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM WIRT. By John P. Kennedy. Second edition, revised. In two handsome royal 12mo. volumes, extra cloth, with a Portrait.

Same work in two beautiful octavo volumes.

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By Mary Somerville. Second edition, revised, with a Glossary. In one large royal 12mo. volume, extra cloth.

HAND BOOK OF MODERN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. By Mrs. Foster. In one neat royal 12mo. vol. extra cloth.

ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS and Different Climates. By Alexander Von Humboldt. Translated by Mrs. Sabine. In one large royal 12mo. vol. extra cloth.

THE COURT AND TIMES OF FRANCIS THE FIRST, King of France. By Miss Pardoe. In two royal 12mo. vols. extra cloth.

THE WESTERN WORLD.—TRAVELS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Alexander Mackay. In two royal 12mo. vols.

OUTLINES OF ASTRONOMY. By Sir John F. W. Herschel. In one crown 8vo. vol. with six plates and numerous woodcuts.

OUTLINES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By Thos. G. Shaw. In one large royal 12mo. vol. extra cloth.

To be Published next Week.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF ALCOHOLIC LIQUORS in Health and Disease. By W. B. Carpenter, M.D. In one neat volume, royal 12mo.

TRAVELS IN SIBERIA, including Excursions Northwards, down the Ob, to the Polar Circle, and Southwards to the Chinese Frontier. By Adolph Erman. Translated from the German. By Wm. Deborough Cooley. In two large vols. royal 12mo. extra cloth. my18 tf

A Splendid Annual for 1851.

LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO.

(Successors to Grigg, Elliot & Co.),

PHILADELPHIA.

HAVE IN PRESS:

THE IRIS:

A Souvenir for 1851.

A Super royal 8vo. Illustrated with original Illuminations and Steel Engravings, executed in the best style of the Art.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR JOHN S. HART, of Philadelphia.

The Contributions will be from the first talent of the country, and entirely original, and the Publishers will spare no effort to make this the most attractive and valuable Gift Book of the season.

Also in Press:

Dictionary of Poetical Quotations.

Addington's Complete Dictionary

OF

POETICAL QUOTATIONS.

COMPRISING THE MOST EXCELLENT AND APPROPRIATE PASSAGES IN THE

Old British Poets.

With Choice and Copious Selections from the best Modern British and American Poets.

Edited by SARAH J. HALE.

One volume, 8vo. beautifully illustrated with Engravings. my18

PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY,

110 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,

HAVE RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

NOBLE DEEDS OF WOMAN; or, Examples of Female Courage and Virtue. By ELIZABETH STARLING. 12mo. cloth gilt, embellished with a fine Steel Engraving, \$1 00.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

"This is a very interesting selection from the records of female excellence, consisting of a great number of narratives and anecdotes, arranged under the heads of Maternal, Filial, Sisterly, and Conjugal Affection; Humanity, Integrity, Benevolence, Fortitude, Courage, and Presence of Mind; Hospitality, Self-Control, Gratitude, &c. The book is compiled with judgment, and is deeply interesting."—*Luxell American*.

"The writer for the instruction and example of females has collected and properly arranged a great number of heroic deeds of women in the various relations of mother, wife, sister, patriot, and philanthropist."—*Portland Trans.*

"It is a repository of rich examples of woman's fortitude, woman's love, woman's heroism, and will impress every female reader with admiration, and a spirit of emulation."—*Boston Eve. Gaz.*

"We have, in a compilation of fact, a true woman's vindication of her sex."—*American Cabinet*.

"This is a handsome volume, full of interesting and inspiring narratives illustrative of the exalted virtues of women. The pages are well adapted to prove not only instructive but useful."—*Salem Register*.

"The title of the book conveys a good idea of its character. Woman has rarely been presented, in any romance, in so attractive a form as she is here seen in these simple facts, and plain historical narratives."—*Boston Transcript*.

COLMAN'S LETTERS ON EUROPEAN

Life and Manners. 2 vols. 12mo. A new Edition, just published. Price reduced to \$1 50.

The above popular Work has, within the short time of its first publication, reached a sale of 5000 copies, and the demand for the same is still undiminished.

AUTHORIZED EDITIONS OF CARLYLE'S LATTER-DAY PAMPHLETS.

The following are now ready:

- No. I. THE PRESENT TIME.
- No. II. MODEL PRISONS.
- No. III. DOWNING STREET.
- No. IV. THE NEW DOWNING STREET.

The above edition is printed from early sheets, by an arrangement with the author. The succeeding numbers will be issued simultaneously with the London editions.

PHONOGRAPHIC REPORT OF THE

TRIAL OF PROFESSOR JOHN W. WEBSTER, indicted for the Murder of Dr. George Parkman, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, holden at Boston. Phonographically Reported, by Dr. James W. Stone. 1 vol. 8vo. 300 pages. Price in paper covers, 50 cts.; law sheep, \$1.

This is the fullest and most authentic edition published.

LIFE AND RELIGION OF MOHAMMED, as contained in the Sheeah Traditions of the HYAT-UL-KULOOB. Translated from the Persian, by Rev. JAMES L. MERRICK, eleven years Missionary to the Persians. One volume, post 8vo.

"We know of no subject which would be more likely to attract, or more deserving of attention than that of which this book treats."—*Patriot and Gazette*.

"The book is full of interest. It opens Mohammedism to the gaze of the uninitiated as it has not before been opened."—*Worcester Palladium*.

"We have before had memoirs of Mohammed, but never to our knowledge have the life and religion of this remarkable man been presented to the Christian world in a simple translation from the voluminous works of his followers."—*Salem Register*.

"This is a work of great interest. We have had various lives of Mohammed, all exhibiting him in the light and cloud of our western skies, but in this we seem to see the Prophet in the robes and costumes of the east, just as he was revealed to his followers under the Persian heavens."—*Christian Observer (Philadelphia)*.

"It is a translation of a Persian work of great repute, and is beyond all question the most accurate and most elaborate book extant concerning the history, traditions, and tenets of the Mahomedans."—*Boston Post*.

BENNETT'S POULTRY BOOK AND Fowl Breeder's Guide. Being a Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, and General Management of Domestic Poultry, embellished with 75 Portraits of Fowls, and Engravings, most of which are entirely original, the Portraits being from Life. By JOHN C. BENNETT, M.D. One volume 12mo. Price 84 cents; cloth, mail edition 50 cents, paper covers. 4,000 copies sold in three weeks.

NOTICES.

"It is believed this will render unnecessary any further treatise on the subject."—*Boston Cultivator*.

"It treats on the very topics that breeders wish to inquire about."—*Massachusetts Ploughman*.

"A book of high authority, and can be relied upon as a work of standard value."—*Rockester Democrat*.

"Dr. Bennett's Poultry Book is more complete than anything which has yet appeared on the subject."—*Providence Journal*.

"The most complete and the ablest treatise on domestic fowls yet offered to the public."—*American Cabinet*.

"This is decidedly the best work of the kind which has been published in this country."—*Christian Times*.

HUME AND MACAULAY'S

CELEBRATED

HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

Boston Library Editions.

HUME'S HISTORY, 6 vols.
MACAULAY'S HISTORY, 2 vols.

NOTICES.

"The cheapest and most readable edition of Hume and Macaulay's History now extant."—*Banner of the Cross, Philadelphia*.

"This edition of Hume, and the same publishers' edition of Macaulay, must certainly find their way into many families where such works have not been read on account of the expense."—*Christian Freeman*.

"The volumes are just the right size for handling, and, in every respect are tasteful specimens of useful books."—*Boston Post*.

"The publishers have issued this work in uniform style with their edition of Macaulay, and the two works will form a continuous English History, from its origin down to the present day."—*Zion's Herald*.

"The publishers will have done the reading public no small service in presenting the connecting histories (Hume and Macaulay), in a uniform and handsome style."—*Rockester Democrat*.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Notices continued.

"The publishers of Hume confer a real favor, in putting forth, in such fair type, and pure paper, and compendious size (duodecimo), the great, and, doubtless, final History of England up to 1688."—*N. Y. Independent*.

"With peculiar gratification, we announce the appearance of this new edition of Hume's popular and standard History of England, uniform with the neat 'Boston Library Edition' of Macaulay's History."—*Literary Messenger*.

"In the form of Hume's History, the publishers have imitated the style in which they published Macaulay's History of England, in a beautiful 'Uniform Library Edition,' and it is the cheapest and most readable edition of the two authors extant."—*Christian Observer*.

"The above standard Histories of England are known as the BOSTON LIBRARY EDITIONS, and are for sale by all Booksellers throughout the United States and the Canadas. For uniformity of style, and durability of binding, quality of paper and printing, they are the cheapest books ever offered to the American public, and the best and most convenient editions of the works published in this country.

MILMAN'S GIBBON'S ROME. (Boston Library Edition.)—The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by Edward Gibbon, Esq., with Notes by Rev. H. H. Milman, to which will be prefixed a complete Index to the whole work—the same to be completed in six volumes, and published in uniform style with Hume's and Macaulay's Histories.

NOTICES.

"We commend it as the best library edition extant."—*Boston Transcript*.

"It is got up in the same elegant 'Library style' as the Boston edition of Hume and Macaulay's Histories, and is sold at the same extremely low price."—*Christian Freeman*.

"This edition is to be regarded as the best and most perfect, and is well adapted for general circulation."—*Plymouth Memorial*.

"It is a noble work of great learning and research. The same is issued in good style, handsomely bound in muslin."—*Christian Observer*.

"The publishers are now doing an essential service to the rising generation in placing within their reach a work of such acknowledged merit, and so absolutely indispensable."—*Baltimore American*.

"The present edition is a handsome one, uniform with the Hume of the same publishers, and by its exceeding low price is made accessible to all readers."—*N. Y. Recorder*.

"Such an edition of this English Classic has long been wanted; it is at once convenient, economical, and elegant."—*Home Journal*.

IN PRESS,

Margaret Percival in America.

One volume, 12mo.

SPECTACLES; their Uses and Abuses, in Long and Short Sightedness: and the Pathological Conditions consecutive to their irrational employment. By J. Sichel, M.D., of Paris, Clinical Professor of Diseases of the Eye, &c. Translated by permission of the Author. By Henry W. Williams, M.D., Fellow of Mass. Medical Society, &c., &c. One volume.

THE PRIZE TRAGEDY.

MOHAMMED; the Arabian Prophet. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By George H. Miles, of Baltimore.

It will be remembered that in the course of the past year, Mr. FORREST offered a Prize of One Thousand Dollars for the best Five Act Tragedy. The above is the one to which the prize was awarded. my4tf

ADOLPHUS MORRIS.

WM. LUTHER BAKER.

MORRIS & BROTHER

(LATE DRINKER & MORRIS),

Booksellers, Publishers, and Dealers in

PIANOFORTES,

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA,

*Publish the following Valuable Books:*Tate's Digest of the Laws of Virginia.
1 vol. 8vo.

Tate's Analytical Digested Index of the Virginia Reports. 2 vols. 8vo.

Tate's American Form Book.
1 vol. 12mo.Joynes on the Statute of Limitations.
1 vol. 8vo.

Call's Reports.—Reports of Cases Argued and Decided in the Court of Appeals of Virginia. By Daniel Call. Vols. 4, 5, and 6.

The Statutes at Large of Virginia. New Series, from October Session, 1792, to December Session, 1806, inclusive. In three vols.

Supplement to the Revised Code of the Laws of Virginia; being a Collection of all the Acts of the General Assembly, of a public and permanent nature, passed since the years 1819, with a General Index: to which are prefixed the Acts organizing a Convention, the Declaration of Rights, and the Amended Constitution of Virginia.

Tucker on Pleading.—The Principles of Pleading. By R. Tucker, Professor of Law in the University of William and Mary.

Robinson's Forms.—Forms adapted to the Practice in Virginia. By Conway Robinson. Vol. 1, containing Forms in the Courts of Law in Civil Cases.

Robinson's Practice.—The Practice in the Courts of Law and Equity in Virginia. By Conway Robinson. Volume the Third. Vols. 1 and 2 out of print.

Modern Probate of Wills; containing an Analysis of the Modern Law of Probate in England and America, with numerous references to the English and American Cases, and copious extracts from the leading cases.

Tucker on the Science of Government.—A Series of Lectures intended to prepare the Student for the Study of the Constitution of the United States. By Beverly Tucker.

Burke's Latin Grammar.—The Rudiments of Latin Grammar, founded on the Definitions and Rules of Thomas Ruddiman; to which is annexed a complete System of Prosody. By William Burke, Principal of the Richmond Academy.

Dew's Lectures.—Lectures on the Restrictive System, delivered to the Senior Political Class of William and Mary. By Thomas R. Dew, Professor of History, Metaphysics, and Political Law.

Howison's History of Virginia.
2 vols. 8vo.

Virginia Selection of Psalms and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs. By Elder Andrew Broadbush. 1 vol. 32mo.

Dover Selection of Spiritual Songs; with an Appendix of choice Hymns. Compiled, by the Recommendation of the Dover Association, by Andrew Broadbush.

Crozet's Arithmetic.—An Arithmetic for Colleges and Schools. By Claudius Crozet, Principal of the Richmond Academy, late State Engineer of Virginia, and formerly Professor of Engineering at West Point.

Crozet's New Map of Virginia, Pocket-book form, and on rollers. m23m

**JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS.****MANUFACTURERS' WAREHOUSE**91 JOHN STREET, CORNER OF GOLD,
New York.

The success of Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens has been UNPARALLELED. The annual sale, now reaching ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MILLIONS, proves conclusively the favor with which it has been received by both the AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PUBLIC. Its combination of DURABILITY with ELASTICITY, adaptation in its variety of patterns to the different styles of handwriting, and its comparative cheapness, are the acknowledged characteristics of this inimitable Pen.

CAUTION.

Certain PRETENDED MANUFACTURERS of Steel Pens, having ADOPTED JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STYLE OF LABEL, his mode of putting up his Pens, and also his DESIGNATING NUMBERS, he desires to give the following

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

That all genuine packages or boxes of JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Pens have a *fac simile* of his signature on the reverse side—none other are genuine. This caution especially refers to his original No. 303, the great popularity of which has caused it to be imitated, and the number adopted by a host of PRETENDED MAKERS.

JOSEPH GILLOTT would further advise the public that, in all cases where his numbers and the phraseology of his labels are adopted by the parties above alluded to, the pens are not made by him, although asserted so to be.

An experience of thirty years has enabled Mr. Gillott to bring his Steel Pens to the HIGHEST STATE OF PERFECTION, and the liberal patronage which he has long enjoyed at the hands of the American public, will incite him to continued exertions to maintain the favor which he has acquired.

A large and complete stock constantly on hand on cards and in boxes, of one gross each, consisting in part of

PRINCIPALITY.

EXTRA FINE AND MEDIUM POINTS.

CALIGRAPHIC.

ON BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CARDS.

WASHINGTON PEN,

ON ILLUMINATED CARDS, FINE POINTS.

**PATENT, DAMASCUS,
PERUVIAN,
NEW YORK FOUNTAIN.**

*These are adapted to moderate strength of
Hand Writing.*

**PATENT MAGNUM BONUM,
DOUBLE DAMASCUS, EAGLE.**

*For Bold and Rapid Writing,
Engrossing, &c.*

VICTORIA

AND

CROTON.

*The most popular pens—for a light and
fine hand.*

*The Cards of the Croton comprise six
beautiful views of the Croton
Water-Works.*

**LADIES' PEN; SCHOOL; AMERICAN
PRINCE ALBERT; QUEEN'S OWN;
BARONIAL; LITHOGRAPHIC;
AND MAPPING.**

A large assortment of CHEAP PENS in boxes.
Holders of every description, &c.

m9tf HENRY OWEN, AGENT.

**Mechanical Drawing-Book,
SECOND EDITION.**

WE have this day Published a Second Edition of MINIFIE'S TEXT BOOK OF MECHANICAL DRAWING, for Self Instruction, super royal, octavo size. Illustrated by 36 steel plates, containing over 200 diagrams, full bound, Library style, price \$3. This edition is printed on larger paper than the first, and is bound in a superior manner, forming a handsomer as well as larger volume.

Notices of the First Edition.*From the Boston Post.*

"It is one of the most handsomely printed works that we have ever seen, and in respect to illustrations is far superior to any scientific book which has ever come from the American press."

From the Baltimore American.

"We regard Mr. Minifie's work as one likely to confer great benefit on the rising generation, as a knowledge of what it teaches is of consequence to every one; to the Mechanic who reduces the art to practice, and to the Merchant or the Capitalist who tests the mechanic's skill by its application to his work."

From the New York Scientific American.

"It is the best work on Drawing we have ever seen—no young mechanic should be without it."

From the American Railroad Journal.

"It has received universal commendation from the press, and we believe it fully merits all that has been said in its praise."

—O—

*We have recently Published***Minifie's Geometrical Drawing,***Abridged from the octavo Edition.*

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

Medium 12mo. Illustrated with 48 steel plates, full sheep
Price \$1 25.

This book has been introduced in many of the schools and colleges in New England, New York, and other States.

Wm. MINIFIE & Co.

m23 10t 114 Baltimore Street, BALTIMORE.

GOUPIL, VIBERT, AND CO.,Wholesale Printsellers, 289 Broadway,
NEW YORK.**NATIONAL PUBLICATIONS.**

"THE POWER OF MUSIC," painted by W. S. Mount
executed by Leon Noel. Size, 19 by 15 inches.

Each copy, plain \$3 00.
do. colored 5 00.

"MUSIC IS CONTAGIOUS!" a companion picture to
the above, by the same artists. Same size.

Each copy, plain \$3 00.
do. colored 5 00.

No other Engravings have ever gained so much popularity and excited the admiration of every beholder as the above beautiful productions of the American Teniers.

VIEW AND PLAN OF THE CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO, drawn after nature by Wells.

Each copy \$1 00.

VIEWS OF THE MOST INTERESTING OBJECTS
and Scenery in the United States of America. Drawn
by Aug. Köllner, lith. by Dery in Paris.

The Five numbers now published contain 30 views,
comprising Philadelphia, Baltimore, Saratoga Springs,
Niagara Falls, Mount Vernon, Tomb of Gen. George
Washington, &c. &c.

Each number, containing 6 plates, plain \$2 00.
do. colored 5 00.

All the views may be had separately.

Messrs. Goupil, Vibert, and Co. respectfully inform the
trade that they have always on hand the largest assortment
of French, English, and German prints to be found
in the United States, and that their Parisian house has
made such arrangements as to forward all the novelties to
the New York house previous to their publication in Europe.
The usual discount allowed to the trade.

116tf.

IN THE PRESS

OF

G. P. PUTNAM,

AND WILL BE PUBLISHED EARLY IN APRIL,

A HISTORY

OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF

JAMES K. POLK.

By HON. LUCIEN B. CHASE.

A MEMBER OF THE XXIX. AND XXX. CONGRESS.

This work will consist of about 500 pages, and embrace
all the important events of Mr. Polk's eventful Administration,
including Sketches of all the Battles in Mexico

SPLENDID NATIONAL WORK.

HARPER & BROTHERS

PUBLISH THIS WEEK

I.

PART I. OF

THE PICTORIAL FIELD BOOK OF THE REVOLUTION ;

Or, Illustrations by Pen and Pencil of the History, Scenery, Biography, Relics, and Traditions, of the War for Independence.

By BENSON J. LOSSING.

With six hundred Engravings on Wood by LOSSING & BARRIT, chiefly from Original Sketches by the Author.

This elegant work, issued semi-monthly, will be completed in about TWENTY NUMBERS, containing forty-eight large octavo pages each, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Number. It is a Pictorial and Descriptive Record of a journey recently performed, to all the most important historical localities of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION. The plan is unique and attractive, embracing the characteristics of a *book of travel and a history*.

The Author has visited the places described and illustrated, and sketched the natural scenery; relics of the past, such as headquarters of officers still standing, interior views of remarkable buildings, and remains of fortifications; many interesting relics preserved in historical societies and elsewhere; and everything of interest which fell in his way connected directly, or indirectly, with the events in question. These are all portrayed and described as he found them. In addition to these sketches are given plans of all the battles, exhibiting the relative positions of the opposing troops in action; portraits of persons, American and foreign, who were distinguished actors in these scenes, as well as of individuals still living who were engaged in the war; fac-similes of autograph names, medals, and documents; plans of fortifications, &c.

The Biographical Sketches, with accompanying portraits of most of the distinguished men of the Revolution, form a very useful and attractive feature in the work, enhanced in value by the immediate connexion with a full record in the text, of the scenes in which they moved. In addition to the portraits of the eminent statesmen and soldiers of the time, portraits of all the SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, which have ever been obtained, are given, beautifully grouped, with fac-similes of the signatures of each.

The Engravings, about Six Hundred in number, are spirited illustrations of fact. They have all been executed under the immediate supervision of the author, and the whole work will be brought out equal in typographical beauty to anything of the kind ever printed in this country. Critics of undoubted judgment, who have examined its plan and character, pronounce it the most attractive book ever issued from the American press.

II.

PRIDE AND IRRESOLUTION.

By the Author of "The Discipline of Life."

(Library of Select Novels, No. 144.)

8vo. Price 25 cents.

The publication of the new work of Lady Emily Ponsonby, "Pride and Irresolution," promises to establish the author as one of the most successful novelists of the day. In the school of Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, and Miss Ferrier (says the *Britannia*), has the noble and talented authoress of these volumes studied with profit; and we cordially commend and recommend these new scenes in "The Discipline of Life" for their truthfulness, their nature, their accurate delineation of character, and their delicate fashioning, which bespeaks the hand of one who has lived in and through the world, and learnt from common scenes their interest as incidents, and their value for instruction and reproof.

III.

HARPERS' ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

A NEW EDITION OF THE

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE OF HARPER AND BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS,

WITH AN APPENDIX, CONTAINING

A LIST OF NEW WORKS,

Is now ready for Distribution, and may be obtained gratuitously on application to the Publishers personally, or by letter, post-paid.

The attention of gentlemen, in town or country, desirous to form Libraries or enrich their literary collections, is respectfully invited to the Catalogue, which will be found to comprise a large proportion of the standard and most esteemed works in English Literature—comprehending between two and three thousand volumes—which are offered in most instances at less than one half the cost of similar productions in England.

To Librarians and others connected with Colleges, Schools, etc., who may not have access to a reliable guide in forming the true estimate of literary productions, it is believed the present Catalogue will prove especially valuable as a manual of reference.

JUST PUBLISHED,

STANDISH THE PURITAN. A Tale of the American Revolution. By Eldred Grayson, Esq. 12mo. muslin, \$1, paper, 75 cents.

PART III. OF SOUTHEY'S LIFE AND Correspondence. Edited by his Son, the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Southey, M.A. To be completed in Six Parts, with Portrait. 8vo. Price 25 cents each Part.

MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, From the Accession of James II. With a Portrait. Vols. I. and II. 12mo., uniform with Harpers' cheap edition of Hume's History of England. Price in muslin, 40 cents per volume; in paper, 30 cents per vol.

ANTONINA; or, the Fall of Rome. A Romance of the Fifth Century. By W. Wilkie Collins. 8vo. paper, 37½ cents.

AN EASTER OFFERING. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the unpublished Swedish manuscript, by Mary Howitt. Contents: The Light House, Life in the North. 8vo. paper, 6 cents.

THE DALTONS; or, Three Roads in Life. By Charles Lever. 8vo. paper, 6 cents per No.

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION OF THE Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book, containing United States and Foreign weights and measures, Tables of Areas and Circumferences of Circles, Circular Segments, and Zones of a Circle; Squares and Cubes, Square and Cube Roots; Lengths of Circular and Semi-Elliptic Areas, and Rules of Arithmetic; Mensuration of Surface and Solids; the Mechanical Powers; Geometry, Trigonometry, Gravity, Strength of Materials, Water Wheels, Hydraulics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Statics, Dynamics, Gunnery, Heat, Winding Engines, Tonnage, Shot, Shells, &c. Steam and the Steam Engine; Combustion, Water, Cables and Anchors, Fuel, Air, Guns, &c., &c.; Tables of the weights of Metals, Pipes, &c. Miscellaneous Notes and Exercises, &c. Sixth edition. By Charles Haswell, Engineer in Chief, U. S. Navy. 16mo., tucks, gilt edges. Price \$1 25.

THE FEAR OF THE WORLD; or, Living for Appearances. By the Brothers Mayhew. With Illustrations; 8vo. paper, 25 cents.

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA. By Eliot Warburton, Esq. 2 vols. 12mo. paper, \$1 40; muslin, \$1 70.

LIFE OF JOHN CALVIN. Compiled from Authentic Sources, and particularly from his Correspondence. By Thomas H. Dyer. Portrait. 12mo. muslin, \$1; paper, 75 cents.

SOUTHEY'S COMMON-PLACE BOOK. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warton, B.D. Vols. I. and II., 8vo., paper, \$1 each; muslin, \$1 25 each.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. By his Son-in-Law, Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. 3 vols. 12mo. paper, \$2 25; muslin, \$3.

CHALMERS'S POSTHUMOUS WORKS, Complete. Edited by his Son-in-Law, Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. 9 vols. 12mo., muslin, \$9; sheep, \$11.

HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Portrait. Translated from the German, by E. C. Otis. 2 vols. 12mo. paper, \$1 50; muslin, \$1 70.